

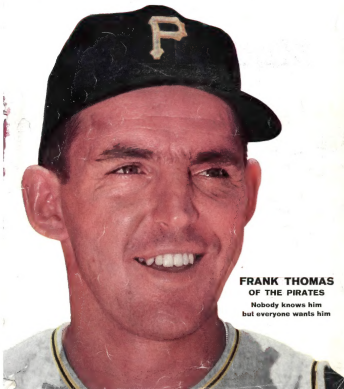
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 29, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

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OF THE PIRATES**

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GOODYEAR

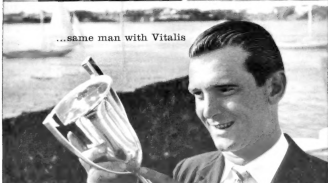
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Cover: Frank Thomas ■

The cheerful smile shown on this week's cover belongs to a relatively unknown baseball player who this season has become the most dangerous hitter in the National League.

Photograph by Phil Ruck

Next week



■ Summer life on the most famous little island in the world, historic Nantucket, is captured in the color photographs of Tina Pridell, with narrative by Gerald Holland.

■ Despite acute international tensions, a U.S. track team has flown to Moscow for the first head-on meet between the two nations. Accompanying the squad is Tex Meade.

■ Novelist Mark Harris tells of California's Pioneer Hiwayman, third baseman of the Hiwayman Club, whose love of the game has conventionally reversed his Japanese last name.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

EVERYONE familiar with Charles Goren or his writings on bridge knows that he is as concerned with the manners of play as with the manner of play. His natural diplomacy, in fact, has made him not only a delightful bridge partner but one of this country's best ambassadors—in the world of international bridge, where the going can become slightly treacherous.

Part of Goren's tact lies in a talent for telling stories on himself. This week Goren states a bridge rule: When you give a come-on signal, play the highest card you can spare. It recalls an anecdote he recently told me when the conversation had turned to golf, a game Goren professes to play with more devotion than finance.

On one occasion—when Goren was still a practicing attorney—he decided to play the course alone, in the interests of self-improvement. His game that day only endorsed the wisdom of his decision. "I began to suspect I was imposing even on my caddy. With a faint hope that I might be wrong, I led my card. 'I guess,' I said, 'I'm just about the worst golfer in the club, haven't I?'"

"From the ensuing pause it was plain that hope had gone aglimmering. Finally the boy answered, 'No

ah, I wouldn't say just that. I hear there's a lawyer who plays quite a game of bridge. And he's the worst!'"

"A clear case," Goren said, "where my come-on was the highest card I could spare, and I got back not only the same suit but the very same card. I could hardly call a misdeal."

The demands of etiquette on the golf course to which Goren would seem to be over-sensitive, if anything, are no less acute at the card table. One of these involves the problem of what to do with the fifth at bridge. There is no more frustrated soul than the player waiting for his chance to cut in while a rubber stretches into stentory. But a solution for this aerial dilemma exists. It has a strategy of its own. But it is still bridge and insures that a good time can be had by all, even when their number is not divisible by four. In the very near future, Goren will be explaining it.

First things first, however, and next week Goren presents from Miami Beach a preview of the Summer National Championships (Aug. 2-11). When the tournament is over, he will be on his "ambassadorial" way again, this time to Oslo, to report the European Championships and participate in the international meeting of bridge law commissioners.



CHARLES GOREN

Harry R. Lacey

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—COLUMBIA and YEA, dogged by falling winds, even so made impressive showings in first series of 12-ender America's Cup trials off Newport, Rhode Island and Westerly, in immediately staggered stage of 10-run, but frustrating last educational time off in last page 12).

BOATS, sleek 16-foot aluminum yawl out of Green Bay, Wis., kept clear of calm spots and trouble, came out over-all winner at first Port Huron-Mackinac Island yacht race for second year in row, skippered by Clayton Ewing. Dyer was first across line at end of 23.5-mile push in 10:04.5, connected to 10:10:01.1. Finisher of Toronto was second last home four hours later.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON SWIMMER strided through choppy waters of Moscow's Khimki Reservoir, defeated Leningrad Team crew, Helder Regatta champions, by length and half.

BASEBALL—LOS ANGELES' muddled Dodgers broke out from cellar depths, fared out low end of league fires for first time since May 12. Giants, at the same time, maintained presence in league hot dog at the top of the stack while James-Lance Milwaukee matched approach of Cubs (see page 29). For Phillies week was as much wasted time as they played seven, won one.

AND now thought all well until Detroit brought. Particular Jim Hanning to turn him handily tossed off first no-hitter of season. Notwithstanding, Boston won seven of last eight games, crowded, so to speak, the Yankees' 11-game lead. Indians, joining last-place Senators, lost five of seven, worse yet lost Herb Score whose comeback attempt has ended with him on disabled list (third elbow) for at least 30 days. Washington could all to Ray Stevens. Of only three games won by Senators, three Stevens home runs were accounting factors. Orioles picked themselves up from seventh place, moved to the better light of third.

BOXING—HARRY (Champ) REAM, high-fiving (Park Avenue), flashy-dressing tall-golfer class) headman, tonight downing eye of New York District Attorney Frank Hogan and grand jury, was indicted on charge of acting as undetected manager for Whitehurst Rudy Sawyer (see page 12). Policy with such citizens as Murder Inc.'s Franklin Cardo, the Champ pleaded not guilty. Next night Sawyer gained 10-round decision over then-undefeated Carl Skarna but third of \$1,500 purse—the manager's third—was withheld by New York Athletic Commission from Matty Sampson, Sawyer's manager of record.

WON next, South African light heavy-weight, before British Empire championship fight with Tony Durelle in Montreal, boasted "I'll wear him down." After eight five-awing rounds, Hall, completely knocked himself, failed to answer bell in tenth, had no comment.

GOLF—PGA CHAMPIONSHIP at Inverloch Country Club, Havertown, Pa. Bill to Don Finsterwald (see page 7). Playing what amounted to private match with three-time PGA winner Sam Snead on final round, Finsterwald shot 276 to Snead's 288 for 73 holes. Finsterwald moved first round with 87, tied lead with Jay Robert on second day, slipping to third place at three-quarter mark as Snead took control. Sunday, normally cautious Finsterwald turned bold as Snead went conservative and confounded. Billy Casper, with 276, was runner-up. Tommy Bolt, tied 1958, reputationed, and placed on indefinite probation for PGA for bad temper, shot 285 for seventh place and \$1,000.

SEVEN seasons and more (see page 12). Six weeks off the pace, topped up on Wilf Smith and Ruth Jensen, leaders for three rounds, tied up final round in holes' Hot Springs, Va. four-ball tournament, won on first hole of sudden death playoff.

HORSE RACING—BOLD FIDEL, who achieved morning at them with odds that he was none, showed enough that in afternoon to close away favorite, led all the way to win 118.4-100 Monmouth Handicap. Carrying 136 pounds, Wheatley Stables' gelding proved to Shergarby who finished three-quarters length behind.

ROCKY TABLE, a millionaire and getting richer, closed last for 100 Hartack, gained new advantage and \$52,000 Lawrence American Memorial over Chen at Arlington Park. Never beaten on grass, Ronald Table carried top 128, still managed to give 23 pounds to Chen and equal track record of 1:45.7 for mile-and-a-half.

STORM RAY, along with other column 3-year-olds, took crack at \$116,000 Worcester at Hollywood Park, managed to take it and his first stakes triumph under running ride by Manuel Yonan. Ben Kinworth's The Chief (see page 12) finished third, graduated to second on disqualification of Hildner.

WAT, Virginia-bred offspring of steeple-chase sire, won Frelife Parus at Main month Park, elevated his earnings to \$234,240, world record for jumpers.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—PETER COLLIER, leading British racing driver, scored easy victory in Royal Automobile Club's Grand Prix, thundered and blatted his Ferrari around London course 73 times at average 108.85 mph, fastest time ever for British Grand Prix. But for 250,000 spectators on hand, 11th running of Silverstone had but one when Stirling Moss, contesting world championship with Mike Hawthorn, dropped make-green Vauxhall out at 2500 lap. Hawthorn, gaining six points for runner-up spot and one for fastest lap, now holds 24 to Moss's 28. Said Winner Collins: "I had to go like the clappers to begin with to beat Moss out."

YENNES—ARMY CHAMPION, 20-year-old Houston strategist, topped top-seeded Harry McKay in quarter-finals of national clay court tournament in Chicago, then left himself in final to 19-year-old

continued

focus on the deed . . .



SWIMMING DOWN THE LANE, Chris Chappay (left), Roger Handberg and Peter Dyer leave Harkness Palace with message from Queen officially opening British Empire Games in Cardiff, Wales.



SWIMMING OUT THE SWAM, University of Washington crew acknowledges victory over Soviet Union crewmen on Moscow's Khimki Reservoir (see above) by dispatching John Hanson (in water).

faces in the crowd...



TOM FINSTERWALD, 25, golf's most consistent runner-up, pulled himself together to win PGA championship, his first victory in 31 months. Third-highest money winner last year, Finsterwald added \$3,500 to his \$4,000.

MARGARET KROON, 51, despite pulled tendon in her playing arm and a second-ear removal by Karel Fajerman, managed to win the national clay court singles title in suburban Chicago for an untarnished third time.



BOB CLIFTON, 27, three-meter spring-board diving champion at 1954 Olympics, was named outstanding coach at Princeton, left job as freshman swimming coach at Ivy League rival, Dartmouth.

CHARLES GAIL, 26-year-old captain of Luxembourg, deflated spectacular comeback four days out from finish, won world's greatest bicycle endurance test, 24-hour 2,000-mile Tour de France (see page 18).



GENTA ANDERSEN, 30, became first woman to finish conquering Atlantic City marathon swim for third year in row and, while here in Tom Park, collected \$2,000 for long haul through 50° ocean by water.

STANLEY HINGST, 30-year-old no Tim's John Matthews, was put aboard Britain's cup challenger *Seymour* in place of Skipper Jim Hargrave, as Royal Yacht Squadron prepared to ship *Seymour* across sea to U.S.



ROBERT CLAUDE WAINWRIGHT, 40 of Kane City Industrial Association, was made chairman of President's Advisory Committee on Foreign of American Youth, said work "must be done and done well."

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"Pepsi, please"

to refresh without filling



TURND UP BEFORE RACE, "COLUMBIA" (FORWARD) AND "WEATHERLY" SKIM PAST EACH OTHER AS THE LATTER'S CREW



LONG WOMAN, No. 34, came for father Chandler Henry (second, left) on Saturday.



NET CREW aboard Weatherly struggle with Atlantic swell and gale (left) as they sail to the rendezvous point at Bremen Reef Lighthouse for final race of series on Saturday.

THE TWELVES SHAKE DOWN

When the four 12-meter yachts vying for the defense of the America's Cup met last week in Newport, Carleton Mitchell was aboard one of them. Here is his own report of the trials

by CARLETON MITCHELL

ON THE MORNING of the first Preliminary Trial the clipped waves of Newport flowing down to the harbor looked putting-green smooth through the early haze. A brisk breeze with a touch of chill is it—the “mucky sea/water” of the Narragansett Bay area—whipped burgess stiff and rattled halyards against the masts of the America's Cup candidates lying in Boston Cove. On the deck of each, crews worked feverishly at final chores.

This is it, we thought on *Weatherly*, as undoubtedly others were thinking on the nearby boats: this is it, after the weeks of design and construction and the days of planning and practice—now the first gun is only hours away. Busy at our assignments, we still stole glances across the water at our competitors. On the next morning the crew of *Columbia* swarmed over deck and rigging, while her tender hovered like a solicitous mother hen. Beyond, the varnished topsides of *Enterpriser* caught the sun, and her crew was engaged in a stellar ritual of devotion. Out of sight but still in the mind's eye, we knew *Via* was being readied. This was it, all right

—this was at last the real beginning.

We dropped the mooring and fell in behind our tender, readying the mainsail for hoisting while *Weatherly* was towed to open water. As we passed close ahead of *Columbia*, hands were raised in greeting—but the ends of her spinnaker poles were shrouded with canvas to hide the fittings from our prying eyes. Aboard were shipmates of other passages and races, but now there was a curious feeling of dissociation. In the full sense, we were on different teams. Friends were still friends but not giving anything away. Not until after September anyway.

Outside, Skipper Arthur Knapp gave the order, and the mainsail began to climb. Winched aloft on a drum hidden below deck, it looked like a nautical variation of the old Indian rope trick. Slowly the heavy Dacron sail reached the top of the mast, and *Weatherly* pivoted on her heel, a fowl creature.

Immediately, she came alive. There is no other phrase to describe the sensation of a boat feeling the breeze. A vessel is not an inanimate fabrication of wood and metal and cordage,

continued on page 47



Working the ropes, the *Weatherly*, a defender of the Cup



SHORT-CLAD SEAMEN at the *Via* heavehull in hope of some wind.



DEARLY HARDWORKING YEVGENY RYKHTSKY IS BECAHIN, WORLD BLEND, HELDER

DEARLY HARDWORKING YEVGENY RYKHTSKY IS BECAHIN, WORLD BLEND, HELDER



A SHOT

The first-ever track meet between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. is an odd moment in history

by **TEX MAULE**

When Americans looked anxiously toward the East and some young Americans realized that they were given assignments, a planehead of U.S. athletes last Sunday flew from John F. Kennedy Airport on a mission unconnected with war and peace. It is one of the more extraordinary initiatives that the United States and the Soviet Union have had for the first time in a head-on-head test of track and field strength on the ground when political strings between the nations have disappeared almost unprecedentedly. The struggle the American athletes face will be cruel and painful, and the Americans may be outwitted.

For most of the men aboard, the big meet in Moscow July 27-28 is unlikely to be much more than a brisk workout. For the women, too, it is only a brisk workout, but for a diametrically opposite reason. The American women have no hope of competing. It is the women's day this dual meet is a composite of men's and women's events, it is probable that the American women's national manager, to find whatever it might, the American men will head up.

Three women's events in the world record holders or their partial equivalent in every track and field event up to 1,500 meters. Although Russia in world standings is next to the United States in track and field, it is still easily at second place. Probably the U.S. margin of superiority would be wider if some Olympic events were not, for example, put out of NCAA competition. Despite this lack, though, the U.S. is still desperately ahead and here is why:

In the long run the best Russian performers are listed. Ukrainian Lennik

AT THE RUSSIANS

Bartogov and Yuriy Kuznetsov of Azerbaijan. There are younger competitors who might replace either of them, but none can compete with the consistent 10.3, 10.2 efforts of Americans in the 100 meters or the sub-21-second 200-meter performances.

American's Glen Davis and Eddie Santorelli often ran under 16 seconds for 400 yards; Russia's best is Anatoly Ignatyev, a sturdy 3-foot-7-inch athlete. Also is gold holder of the European record for 400 meters, obviously much faster than the 100-yard dash, in 15 seconds flat. Ignatyev is recovering from a serious, unspecified illness and may give way to Moscowite Mikhail Nikolayev, who can run under 47.5 seconds.

Russian legend of international rubber at 800 meters, although Anatoly Gerasimkin has been slightly under 2:30 for 10 months; Yuriy Gerasimov, America's world record holder, and Dan Hershon are capable of times two seconds under Gerasimkin's.

Even at 1,600 meters the U.S. domination may hold. Russia has a couple of metric miles—Lithuanian Jonas Pignis and Yevgeniy Sokolov—who have done 3:41.1 and 3:41.7 (roughly the equivalent of 1:58 and 2:03 in the mile) but they ran these great times in 1957 and so far have not equaled them in 1958. While neither Jim Girdlestone (at Moscow) has been under four minutes, it is not inconceivable that, on an uncrowded track and with the spur of international competition, either could beat the Russians.

Beyond 1,600 meters the track belongs to the U.S.S.R. Sergey Rabinchev has been unbeaten for the last 18 months in the 1,500-meter steeple-chase; Vladimir Pyatichikov won the 1,000- and 10,000-meter runs at Melbourne and has found a worthy second in Pyotr Belomouk, who is of international class.

In the hurdles only Anatoly Mikhailov (best time 13.8 for 110-meter high) is under 14 seconds, a fairly common time on American tracks. In

the 100-meter hurdles Glen Dorned of the U.S. is nearly two seconds faster than the best of the Russians, Yuriy Lituyev. The Russian high jumper, benefit of their built-up shoes, can pass but not beat Charlie Purnas, America's legitimate record holder. Yuriy Lituyev and Igor Kashkarov, same built-up shoes, are fairly consistent at 5 feet 8.

In the other field events the Russians don't put their men on a level foot with American class. Flooding-haired American giant Vartan Overyegyan, once Russia's best, has been off form and may be replaced by either Vladimir Loshilov or Viktoriya Ipenka, but all are under 70 feet. In the discus, Algimantas (Algis) to his hurdles; Baltramavicius has approached American performance with a throw of 185 feet 7, but that's nearly 15 feet shy of the best American thrower of our two

champs, Hank Rodda and Al Dexter.

The U.S. still has a monopoly on 15-foot pole vaulters, with the exception of George Roubanis, a Greek competing for U.S.S.R., but he will not beat the Russian one. Russia's best leaved jumper has done 25 feet 4, good but not good enough.

The U.S. could lead both the hammer throw and the javelin. Harold Connolly set a new world record with the hammer at the National A.A.U. meet, but towering Mikhail Kriyevskiy set last in Connolly's only 19 meters at Melbourne and is close to his world mark. Decathlon star Vasily Kuznetsov, 26, recently broke the world record in his event, but he will be lucky to beat Walter Johnston, who may set a new record in Moscow.

The prospect for the American men is good. But here, for once, the American female is the weaker sex. **END**



UNBEATABLE Vladimir Kise, Olympic long-distance champion, is a rare winner.



MASSIVE Mikhail Kriyevskiy, considered only a novelty of U.S. in the hammer.

Phosphorus Use Policy Council



*An Immense
Acceptance of Destiny*

11,000-foot mountains trails provide a margin between defeat and victory during the 24-day Tour de France, the world's most famous bicycle race.

"Charley Gaul delivered his blow with a kind of lucid detachment and cruelty. In the space of a second he was away. The exterminating angel disappeared in a cloud of dust. . . I caught the look in Robert's eyes. I read there an immense acceptance of destiny." The fate which Louison Robert accepted, as described by the lyrical French reporter, was his failure last week to win the 45th annual Tour de France, the 2,600-mile international bicycle race which circled around France for 24 days last month and brought one-quarter of the nation's population to the streets to cheer as their oak-throated heroes pumped valiantly by. Three times winner of the Tour, easily France's greatest single sports attraction, Robert was a sentimental favorite to win once more when the Tour began on June 26, but advancing years (38) and an accelerated lurkaside kept him off his oldtime pace. The pace of the professional European bike rider jolts anyone who regards the bicycle as a form of transportation suitable only for kids. As Artist John Crook illustrates on the following pages, riders pedal furiously down steep slopes at 40 miles an hour, gallantly risking smashed legs and fractured skulls in terrible tumbles. They are superbly conditioned athletes and every scrap of their physical equipment is put to the test when the Tour winds through the Pyrenees Mountains and later takes on the Alps. The 136-mile lap from Briançon to Aix-en-Bains threads through five mountain passes, rising from 4,900 to 6,760 feet. This course was just made to order for Luxembourg's 26-year-old Charley Gaul, the "angel of the mountains." He took off from Briançon at a punishing, whitewater-eating clip, soon left Louison Robert and other headliners far behind, won the lap with the astonishing average speed of 19.4 miles per hour—and went on to make his triumphal entry into Paris as the victor of the Tour of 1965.



*Cooling showers after great exerting races
get them again through towns and villages.
In the south, there even becomes common.*



*Crashes are common in early stages of the
race before the big field thins out.
On this curve, rider after rider piles in.*



*Downhill from the mountain, where, per-
haps, having the advantage, said, "Vance, Taku!"
in the very armpit of the car, and sometimes, "Vance, well, have
many to pass, and out there, Vance, so they will be."*







Quick break at village post to allow business riders who have fagged up, when fashion, to pursue, finds, it strong, and then's off



Two gentlemen, the latter, push, a distressed competitor, from a race, is illegal, but tolerated



Spilled cyclist is helped to his feet by his team manager while a fellow team member carefully lowers his feet from pedal between

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Demarche on the Khivki

There was not very much that Americans in the Moscow Embassy, or Americans at home, for that matter, could do when the Khivki was besieged by a drilled crowd of long-stick-thrusting, back-thrusting Russians last Friday—though next day the State Department dispatched a stiff note of diplomatic outrage. Among the Americans in Moscow, however, was a drilled bunch of crumen from the University of Washington and, in a manner of speaking, they took things into their own hands.

Next day on the Khivki Reservoir, just outside Moscow, the Washington Huskies piled into their eight-oared shell and rowed out, by long-standing previous engagement, against the Russian crew that had beaten them (by a length and a quarter) at Henley a fortnight earlier.

With an excess of energy and feeling that had come to them during the fortnight—possibly even overnight—they took the lead after the first few strokes, held it and beat their Henley conquerors by a good length and a half. Then, as 6,000 Russians applauded with the traditional good grace of spartans, the Huskies climbed out onto the banks of the Khivki Reservoir and tossed their oarsmen in the Moscow water-supply.

For many an American, it was a demarche every bit as satisfying as the protest which was sent off by the State Department.

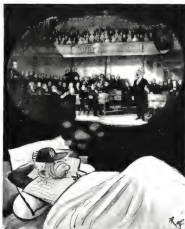
The Well-directed Lesson

AS ALL ROCK OF AMERICA'S would-be cup defenders wallowed in a flat calm off Newport, R.I. one day last week, their British counterpart huddled helplessly in a Dorsetshire harbor immobilized by unreasonable

gales. The brick breeze on Poole Bay, however, failed to dampen Scrymgeour's ardor for long. Throughout most of the rest of the week the British challenger was headily footing through the choppy waters of the bay, smacking her heels on the veteran pinnaker Etoile with a regularity that seemed impossible only a few weeks before.

After a discouraging period of early trials in which she was beaten time and again by the older boat, Scrymgeour is sailing with new confidence under a new skipper plucked straight from the quarterdeck of Etoile herself. "I can't think why they didn't pick him in the first place," said one

continued



"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."
—DANIEL WEBSTER (January 1846)

"The Yankees and the potatoes, now and forever, one and inseparable."
—CLAYTON BRONSON (July 1914)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

seasoned British yachtsman of the challenger's new captain, Stanley Bishop, a salty professional who had long since proved himself a master tactician in 12-meters. "Stan is the sort of chap that is popular with everyone," said one *Sceptre* helmsman. "His arrival is a tonic to all ships."

"We've got to find a way to make *Sceptre* faster," said Bishop himself when he took over, "and I think we can do it." From almost that moment on, the British strategists on *Sceptre* began displacing and reconstituting new manures at sea and a new confidence ashore. Day after day they have been up at 4 a.m. or before to begin the arduous maneuvers under sail that make for a perfectly coordinated racing team. At the long evening champagne socials Royal Marine Yacht Club at Northfleet, the atmosphere sparkles with sea enthusiasm. Meanwhile *Sceptre* herself has been tuned and retuned to achieve a new efficiency of handling. Many nautical boats, for instance, have been celebrated upon the launching. Last week she broke out a massive new red, white and blue pennant.

"I am not going to make any rash prophecies," said *Sceptre*'s helmsman Graham Mann last week, "but there is no doubt that *Sceptre* is sailing very fast now. All we need is our share of luck." As the challenger entered the last week of trials before being booked on July 25 aboard the *Cygnus* Alastair for her trip to the U.S.,

most Britons were beginning to share Mann's optimism. Decriing the fact that a certain U.S. yachtsman had called the British boat a "£125,000 lemon," one London salt-water critic wrote: "All we can say to that is: the more common the lemon, the bigger the splash when it is swilled over, generally directed at its target."

The Pitching Man

USUALLY at this season, a Mantle or a Mays is a day or two ahead of Babe Ruth's season, but when a Mantle or a Mays fails, inevitably, to knock out the reigning star's holding, so was not so in 1941. But even in Mantle, the celebrated



old pitching man for the Miami Marlins is going straight to bed to finish the season in a heroic fashion: Leroy (Satchel) Paige faces a 15-day sentence in the county stockade by latest count, for a highway violation and driving with a license perhaps older than his is.

Last April Judge Charles Sweeney found Paige guilty of running down too heavy on the accelerator in a 30-mph zone. The judge told Leroy he would spend 20 days in jail when the International League season was over but gave him the opportunity to work

off his time in this manner: one day less for each hit he makes, one day less for each run he scores; one day longer each win he produces; and one day less for each time he strikes out Babe Ruth's Yankee starter.

At the time, Paige kept his own counsel, except to say: "That policeman should be waited just a minute. I was just tuning up when he gave me the summons," said Kaster. "If the judge wanted to make it just right, he should have said I could get an extra day in jail for every hit I got off him. That would have kept him in a real tight spot."

Leroy hardly needs the public trough to survive. For 40 years in the Negro leagues and in the American major league system, he never obtained the reward without a fat contract—started in his big league. Yesterday one of the best pitchers over three leagues, Satchel, could afford to be unpayable. And deservedly; the pitching man's record at week's end was eight wins and two losses, his ERA was 4.24 and the long right arm was as loose as ever. But the spurring pitcher and Kaster weren't doing anything about lightening his burden. Paige hadn't gotten a hit in 16 at-bats, nor had he scored a run or struck out Kaster. Kaster has a shaming on Paige which devils him. Groun Satch: "That kake don't exactly fall down when I give him the bat-dodger." But if the prospect of looking through prison bars instead of game trees for quail in October is nothing, Satch, he does not show it as he stalks through the league, cool and slow, with his strange, billy dignity.

Long before Bill Veeck brought him to the Cleveland Indians in 1948, Paige was a mystery man, but he never was a buffoon. The man who thinks so is abruptly rebuffed. Paige has stock answers for those who ask his age. "I try to go along with what they want to hear," he says. "But I'll be 48 in September."

"Paige is about 45," says Veeck, "but more likely a shade more."

Whether Satch will go along with any 50th birthday party remains to be seen. He once was told that the fans in Columbus, Ohio planned a big do for his birthday, which cele-

They Said It

EXUBERANT BEATLE ROOSTER. On the cover of the *Washington Post*: "An extraordinary new *Beatles* album is missing. It should be sought for since that will show to the *Beatles* how to help out the North West."

JIM TATUM. North Carolina football coach: "Ain't much I feel I have to be optimistic and predict big things for each fall. After all, I'm not a millionaire today but that doesn't make me gloomy. I might become a bank tomorrow."

ERNEST HAPPLE. Britain's Postmaster General, at National Sporting Club dinner in London for American Congress for Victim Funds: "There are very few natural leaders of men. Only about 1%, I'd say. The other 99% are followers of men."

cided with Satch's appearance there. "Ain't no Birthday," said Paige. "You can't argue with the calendar," he was told.

"Birthday's for home," said Paige. In Miami, home is the Sir John Hotel, a comfortable hidey-hole where Paige bachelors while his wife and five children wait for him at their four-bedroom residence in Kansas City. There Satch winters, hunting and "playing leaping with my old buddies," who pile in off the road. Paige gets along with his new teammates, too, although he doesn't know their names. To Satch they include Wild Man, Second Base and Loud Miller.

Paige seldom suits up for pregame drills when the Marlins are at home. But whenever Manager Kirby Puckett looks out to the bullpen for help, there is the lean, dark man throwing. If there's no trouble in sight, Paige isn't either; he's in the stands with a buddy or meditating off by himself.

Last summer, though, something happened which upset the aloof pitching man. The Marlins' place in the standings was set before the first pitch of the last game and a young Miami pitcher was out there just tossing baseballs, obviously unconcerned whether the Havana bantams lost their or not.

Paige was hopping and he gave the youngster a piece of his mind when the ball game was over.

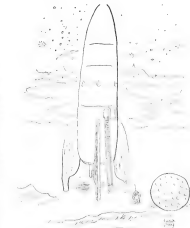
Satch is still bothered by this incident and by the attitude of many of the generation's pampered darlings.

"There ain't no man can avoid being born average," he says. "But there ain't no man got to be common."

Leroy (Satchel) Paige never was and never will be, not even in the county stockade.

Left-hander's Religion

THE REV. WALTER JESSUP, a left-handed Methodist minister, took the lead in the 19th Annual Left-Handers' Golf Tournament when he came in with a 2-under-par 79 the other Saturday morning. That was the trouble. It was Saturday. "I certainly enjoyed playing," said Pastor Jessup, as he disqualified himself from the next day's round, "but the church



"And these formations that are thought were craters— they turned out to be sand dunes."

comes first. . . . I love the game, but not enough to offend any church members by playing on the Sabbath."

This was at the end of 54 holes at Fort Lauderdale's Plantation Golf Club, where 134 of the nation's best left-handed golfers appeared to a casual visitor to be swinging all wrong. Jessup's 79 gave him a two-stroke lead over lanky Harry Shoemaker, who had won the national championship two years in a row. The minister then played another 18 holes on Saturday afternoon—which were not counted in the standings—and went around in a respectable 78, after which he left the course to more latitudinarian worshippers.

Next morning he mounted the pulpit of the Melrose Park Methodist Church in Fort Lauderdale to preach a sermon: "Christianity and Golf, They Go Together." First, he said, "there must be a desire to play the game of golf. . . . Likewise, before one will ever become a Christian, there must be generated the desire. . . ."

Next, said Jessup, comes the proper gear: "You need woods and irons with the correct swing weight and stiffness of shaft. In Christianity our equip-

ment is first of all the conversion experience. . . . The professional and the practice tee may be compared to the minister, the church school teacher and the church.

"You discover before too long that it was easier to hit straight shots on the practice tee than it is on the course. Likewise, in everyday life it is more difficult to love your neighbor and be honest than it sounded under the inspiration of the worship service."

Tournament golfers generally find it particularly difficult to love their neighbors during the last round of a championship tournament, but at Fort Lauderdale the contestants played the last 18 with great good fellowship and pretty good golf. Harry Shoemaker came in with a 71, to win the championship for the third successive year, six under second man Pinky Thorpe, assistant fire chief of Corpus Christi, Texas, whose 299 equaled Pastor Jessup's total. "It's amazing," said the clubmanager. "We didn't have a single beef about starting time, not a mention of a rule dispute, the course got nothing but credit, and everybody shook hands with everybody else."

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Upward with the Daisy

FROM the past few weeks—but you probably already know this—there has been a general situation of low inventory in the national supply of BBs. A major BB manufacturer, the Daisy Air Rifle Co., has been preoccupied in moving its operations, locks, stocks and barrels, from Plymouth, Mich. to Rogers, Ark., and that is the way of it. No doubt many a sparrow, windowsill and street light, who are victims of a kind, would feel, if they could feel, that the move has been motivated by a coarse desire to produce more BBs and more BB guns to propel them. That, say the Daisy people, is it, precisely.

Seventy years old this year, the Daisy BB gun has been boyhood's side-arm companion ever since the president of the old Plymouth Iron Windmill Co. saw the first model of an airspring gun designed to attract his employees. Thereupon, as they tell the story, he exclaimed, "It's a daisy!" and seeing more future in air guns than windmills, changed the company's name. From that modest start, the company has since sold some 30 million Daisies in both exclusive patents on the air-spring mechanism and models of ornamentation. In its new \$4 million plant, it is geared to produce an additional 2 million rifles and 35 million BBs a year. It hopes to make some \$19 million in the process.

A conservative firm in the light of contemporary rockets, satellites and the like, Daisy has nevertheless moved onward and upward. For one thing, prices have kept abreast of the times, and the old #1 model now costs \$4.25, while the #5 model costs \$13.99. This last is the Eagle, equipped, you must understand, with a two-power telescopic sight. Indeed, while the basic mechanics have remained the same, the Daisy has been refined over the years in other ways. No longer will the cocking lever knock three fingers off inadvertently or adventurously left open (once good for callow laughter); no longer need one run out of BBs, for the better models hold 100 rounds. No longer, either, is the BB gun safety in the presence of boys,

The Annie Oakley is trimmed with white and gold. Just the thing for your little tomboy.

Discipline at Sea

SUBMITAL AT SEA, from the earliest times, has been achieved by a combination of common sense, thorough training and discipline under stress. No amount of legislation—and both federal and state governments are hunting with proposals—can insure the safety of the vacationer who takes to the water without proper knowledge of its treacherous ways; no pretention can guarantee the survival of the sailor who games when trouble strikes.

On a bright, sunny day in Arkansas last week, two vacationing couples and their three children piled into a 14-foot outboard for a day's fishing. The day was too fine and the sky too clear for them to heed the gloomy warnings of the old boatman on shore that their craft was overloaded. "Come on, let's go!" they cried as the outboard spluttered and roared. The result? Only a few yards from where the badly trimmed craft struck a submerged cypress stump. Everyone in the boat but one distracted mother was drowned.

Contrast this with the picture of some 300 well-trained and sternly disciplined kids pursuing their favorite sport on Long Island Sound a few days earlier during the New York Yacht Club's Junior Regatta. Good sailors all, each one had been firmly drilled by young sailing counselors

in yacht rules all up and down the Long Island and Connecticut shores to observe a basic rule of safety: if a storm strikes, stay with your boat.

The race was half over when the storm did strike—a line squall ripping down from the northeast with the suddenness of a thunderbolt. All over the course the boats were knocked down, Lightning, Blazing, Thistles, Hibs and the rest. All over the course cool and collected kids busied themselves bailing water and getting the sails off the spinn. Then they clung or sat on the capsizee hulls and waited. One by one, committee boats and Coast Guard cutters picked them up, wet, stimulated, a little scared, but mostly proud.

Casualties? Of course not.

Compliments? Well, there was one at least from a spirited young lady of 11 who didn't capsize. The committee boat had hauled anchor to cross the regatta—thus furnishing a tantalizingly mobile finish line. She caught up with it, though.

Adaptable Admiral

Few golfers even with a bagful of clubs would care to try their luck over a water hole as wide as the Mediterranean with a sand trap as treacherous as the politics of Lebanon lying just beyond it. But starch and courtesy Admiral James Lemaire (Lord Jim) Holloway, commander in chief of U.S. naval forces in the Mediterranean and leader of the U.S. Middle-Eastern landing force, is a fearless and successful man. In more peaceful times, when not at his post in London, Lord Jim spends leisure hours on the 7,000-yard golf course of the Wentworth Club in Surrey, which he joined in the late 1950s.

It is not for us here to comment on the tenuous situation in the Middle East, where Admiral Holloway's relatively tiny task force now holds a portion of the world's fate in its hands, but there may be comfort for some in the fact that, as a golfer, the U.S. commander, a man used to doing the most with the least, faces all hazards with but a single club—an adaptable affair which he adapts to whatever task, drive or putt, lies ahead.



Formal Dance

She came in blue, a formal gown, to grace the society;
the stranger brought the wren,
And she—a tennis ball.

—S. F. CALDWELL



NETWORK CAMERA, FOCUSED ON BOSTON DETROIT GAME SATURDAY, IS SYMBOL OF BASEBALL'S PROBLEM

SOME THOUGHTS FOR CONGRESS

THE baseball hearings continued last week, though Casey Strong had abandoned politics and was devoting his political acumen to a Yankee home stand in the Stadium.

Something even more arresting than Casey dominated the hearings—the television camera. That omnipresent, omniscient, all-seeing baseball watcher was not on the stand, though it might well have been, since most of the testimony and all of the conflict concerned it.

Commissioner Ford Frick spoke for baseball; he urged that baseball be given the right to control—and, if necessary, restrain—the trade in its televised product. "We have got to be able to handle this problem," Frick said, "or within 10 years there will be no television problem because there will be no baseball."

The Department of Justice's Robert Bork spoke for the Government—initially, as he suggested, not for the people of the United States. Bork said that the bill passed by the House and now under study by the Senate—which would exempt professional baseball, basketball and hockey as to franchise—had been taken from the domain of the antitrust laws "which would grant to organized sports the unrestricted power to deprive the entire American public of the right to see over television our sports content."

Interestingly enough, there has been mighty little talk in the congressional baseball hearings about the famous "reserve clause," through which baseball binds a player for life to the disposal of the club which first signs him on. I was agonized to hear a word for the reserve clause, but the ball-players turning up before Congress these days insist that they do not feel like pawns at all. The Justice Department supports them—noting to object to it in the reserve clause.

No, the issue is television. Frick says the major leagues themselves signed surprise support the major league to supply talent and contributing local interest and that the minors can't survive if big league broadcasts come flooding in, uncontestedly, upon the beleaguered American.

Westgate Ford Frick's concern for the future of baseball, though we are far from sharing Frick's gloom. For one thing, TV income promises to make the major league clubs rich enough as some of them are already to satisfy all practical dreams of avarice. If the major league the minors can survive at all—and the minors may spend no time, clubs suggest that they do—then let the majors increase their subsidies to the minors. We also share the Department of Justice's concern for the right of the public to watch sports from their living rooms

if they choose. And we think the issues raised by Minor, Frick and Bork last week will take a long time to resolve. We suspect that they will be resolved, more or less by the old empirical American method of trial and experience.

That is why we are impressed with two thoughts that have turned up in the Senate hearings. The first comes from ex-Senator Ed Johnston of Colorado, who appeared as a witness. Johnston urged Congress to give baseball its antitrust exemption—but for a limited trial period of six years. Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming suggested that, instead of giving baseball a blanket exemption from the antitrust laws, Congress should legislation explicit federal charter. Such a charter could be a renewable one, like a driver's license. It could require periodic reports to the Federal Trade Commission and, best of all, could keep baseball where it would be ready to keep it under the consistent scrutiny of Congress and the public—while baseball suits about solving the issue Mr. Frick and Mr. Bork were defining last week.

In short, we think that the owners of organized baseball should be given a chance to prove that they have the maturity and public spirit to find a sound TV solution, but with a yellow caution light, not a green light.

THE 20-GOAL CHAMPS

Summer polo is enjoying a boom on rectangles of carefully tended green turf from coast to coast, but probably nowhere has there been a more active early season than in one of polo's traditional haunts: Long Island. Here the other Sunday a four-man team representing the Aiken (S.C.) Polo Club—and with individual goal ratings aggregating 26—challenged the Meadow Brook Club for the 50-year-old National 20-Goal Championship Cup.

The victory went 9-7 to Meadow

Brook, which was crowded off its famous playing field at Westbury, Long Island not long ago by an express highway and a trotting track. Moving a few miles farther out on Long Island, Meadow Brook has resumed the game on a field paralleling a busy highway. Here the fine spectacle of polo now attracts wage earners from nearby Levittown (\$1 a spectator; children free) as well as such socialites as New York's Governor Averell Harriman, who used to be an eight-goal man himself.

Photo by David H. Martin, New York



COVERING ON THE BALL, AIDEN'S PETE



• HOOKING up with a saddle and stirrups, Pete (left) is Meadow Brook's mascot, shot by Aiken's Debra Ann Milburn Jr.



BOSTWICK AND CHARLIE LEONARD (LEFT); AND MEADOW BROOK'S DAVE BILLS AND BLAN CORSEY MET COLLISION COURSE



GOVERNOR HARRIMAN, WITH THE WHITE LADY, BRING PITCH-SPOUTING IN REPLACING SHOTS IN A P. CHALKERS



SMALL CONTINENTAL CONGRESS MEETS ALMOST Mrs. Stephen Sanford's car, 1940, drawn up near a table holding 20-Gal. Cigs. Ladies are Annamaria Marzulli of Italy, Mrs. Sanford (holding gently named Trouble), Mrs. John Needles and Mady Hragos.



SOME HUBBIE FANS, WELL "AWARE" CLUBS ARE IN TOWN (SEE BELOW) CHEERED THEM ON IN SERIES WITH WILMINGTON BRARIES



LONGEST MARCH team's Charles Conerley, owner of the Chicago White Sox, was reportedly remarked a couple of weeks ago that he "wasn't aware there was any other baseball stadium



Chicago." The rest of Chicago, however, is very much aware of the Cubs, who, spurred by the strong hitting of men like Lou Walker (see), won 10 out of 13 games to take third place,

UPROAR IN THE OLD NL

The faces of the Chicago fans at the left are symptomatic of the excitement in the National League. The Chicago Cubs, for instance, picked to finish eighth, have managed to slip out of the second division by threats Milwaukee and San Francisco. Indeed, the race in the old NL now shows that even the tail enders are nearer the top in games back than the No. 2 club in the American League.

The greatest excitement is naturally in San Francisco. The Giants, young and fresh to the point of being naïf, have several times streaked into first place, only to be beaten out. But when they picked the champion Milwaukee Braves two out of three they were imaginative and this time they looked older and even mean.



MEETING, probably with Milwaukee Manager Fred Haney (left), is held to discuss the Giants' attack and how to stop it. Right: another injury—catcher Hank, Haney has top champion Braves in power position.

TO THE DELIGHT OF THE HOME CROWD, BILLIE BAYS CROSSES THE PLATE WITH THE SCORE THAT PUT THE GIANTS IN FIRST PLACE





SMILING HEADWAITER at *Shogun's*, elegant *Astoria de la Barceloneta* seafood parlor.

Presenting the Costa Brava

Almost unknown to Americans, Spain's own Riviera offers the good life for a song

by HORACE BUTTON

BY THIS WEEK summering Americans had landed in Spain in force. They crowded into the *carrizitas* in Seville, posed over the El Greco in Toledo, gaped at the gypsy caves in Granada—but few indeed were to be found among the international hordes that had descended on the Costa Brava, the "Rugged Coast," kiosk-in-hand, spangled with hotels and carpeted with beach. For most Americans this, the world's cheapest Riviera, where the unragged life can cost well inside \$5 a day, remains an undiscovered Eden.

From Blanes, 38 miles up from Barcelona, north and east to the French border, the rugged coast is a seaside fringe along the Mediterranean that sometimes ends abruptly in craggy cliffs winnowed by years of agitation from the sea and sometimes descends slowly through plains of cork and olive groves to broad strands of pinkish sand that glow rose in the final hours of the summer sun. Jiggling around deep coves and across the flat beaches, the Costa Brava runs out of breach perhaps a hundred miles later, somewhere beyond the surrealist precincts of Port Lligat, where the beginnings of the Pyrenees run in treeless humps out to sea. Around the down or so watery nooks and inlets and stretches of sandy beach, over 400 pensions, roaring houses and hotels, small and grand,

have risen in the past two years.

Americans coming by air from the States could make the coast as quickly as the crowds of Europeans who annually cruise down there by car. Three times a week Pan American World Airways sends DC-7Cs from Idlewild to Berna, leaving New York at 2:30 in the afternoon, the planes set down at Barcelona at 9:40 the next morning, with one intermediate stop at Lisbon. From Barcelona, an ancient ex-American train, a double-decker bus or a rented Spanish Fiat (called *Seat* here) covers the remaining 40 miles in time for a swim. Figure \$453.10 first class each way, or \$290.10 if you take the economy sandwich special. Flying economy both ways (\$623.20 for the round trip), two weeks of the brave Brava life could be done for \$690.

The afternoon's Costa Brava begins just up the coast from Blanes in the tiny fishing village of Lloret. By year's end 15 new hotels will have opened along this wide flat beach, which not very long ago occupied itself exclusively with pulling fish out of the sea. Up on the heights, with the only swimming pool in the town, is the new Hotel Roger de Flor, under the same management as the Asencia Palace in Barcelona. Typical of the smaller new inns is this year's 52-room Solterra Playa, which offers French cuisine and the flamenco

dances of Andalusia, all at the price of Catalonia. An inside room and bath with three meals: \$4.50 a day, plus 15% service, outside room \$5; outside room with balcony \$6. Under the same management is the Villa Solterra, charging about \$4 a day with food, but there are dozens of places for less.

Perhaps the most exclusive sanctuary in Lloret—a settlement with a shared seaside promenade, a majority of Germans and English and a smattering of Swedes, Belgians and Swiss—in a sumptuous hideaway called the San Marco de Venecia. A flowered villa by the sea, fashioned by an interior decorator of flamboyant but handsome taste and operated today by a 21-year-old blonde Swedish beauty, the San Marco brims with plants and vines and frescos. White-gloved waiters serve its food. A rooftop solarium comes equipped with a bar and a splendid view of the beach. The price for all this baroque is \$8 to \$9 a day, including, of course, meals.

But these prices in tiny Lloret are a Costa Brava extravagance compared with Tossa del Mar, just up the

continues

TINY TOWNS around pink beaches, rugged hills and seascapes are ignored by tourist bookworms. *Times* Reference, even *From a Distant Point of View* (Houghton Mifflin)



AT TOSSA DEL MAR, Barbara
Lespedes of *Hamburg*, in striped slacks,
 perches on boat rail below ruins of tower.



AT TAMARIU the meridian boats are
 pulled up on the beach at midday, while
 swimmers and sunbathers take over the bay.

AIGUA BLAVA's luxury ground is Philadelphia-born Britisher, Colonel John A. Deser. His hat is from Palm Beach.



AT PALAMOS, the Marguerite de Lion-
din and son Just Emmanuel of Barrois
splash at beach in front of summer home.



CADAQUES HOLIDAY is god of riveting-actors Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wilkins of Rotterdam, who came in Guggenheim.



FAMOUS PAINTER, Salvador Dali, before a Hamletlike pose in a coaching, and against white-washed walls at Port Lligat.

WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE Robert Rusk, with Gling and Barry Schenkel pose in Palamou under a tiger trophy.



bar. In Tossa, a *Barbetta-by-the-Sea*, the 138-room *Barbetta Hotel* charges \$3.80 a day for room and bath and three meals (and is sold out until October 23). The new *Hotel Winkler*, with an inauspicious inland location and Bronx-modern furniture, gets \$4.20 a day. Best of all, perhaps, is the *Ancora* at \$4 to \$4.75 a day.

What Tossa lacks in hotels it makes up in tourist color. Turrets of an ancient fortification guard the heights over its beach. On the sand, bathers must hunt and peck for body space among the high-growed bulks of the red and green fishing boats. You can trudge up the steep narrow alleys, past the old bearded Catalan ladies to the museum, with its brick floor and white walls and paintings by Rafael Benet, Marc Chagall, George Kars and Olga Sacharoff, all of whom worked here and find made Tossa arty and attractive.

San Feliu de Guardiola (*crimes with sea shoals*) was once infertile only in the cork industry—indeed, freighters still put into its almost landlocked harbor to load with cork for the States—and is now the main city of the tourists' Costa Brava. With its Paseo Marítimo shaded with plane trees and sprinkled with bars, its smart branch stores of seashell establishments in Barcelona, its little bars and clubs, it is more Côte d'Azur than Costa Brava. Only the prices and the language have been changed.

Although it grew prosperous by trading with America back in the 17th century, San Feliu's history goes clear back to the Phoenicians, who camped here in 200 B.C., and called the place *Alalunga* (fortress in the sun). Now a hotel using the old Phoenician name and an old Phoenician sun symbol offers room and bath and meals at \$4 to \$4.50 a day; attracts mostly Belgians, Swans and a few cognoscenti from the U.S. forces in Germany.

A new elegant den right on the harbor at San Feliu is the *Hermes Rhonda*, named for history's less Catalan queen. A modest skyscraper, it has 20 modern rooms with glass walls that peel back to an unobstructed view of the harbor, crisscrossed with its fishing boats, mussel-cultivating tubs and freighters puffing steam before starting the long run to the States. Below are the palms and the palmiers of the pines, where on summer evenings the ordinary custom is dance the *ardides*

in the open air. Less modern and less expensive is the *Maestral*, high on the heights over the town, with 24 rooms, terrace views and flowers, all for less than \$8 a day for two—meals, to be sure, included.

Just over a mile from San Feliu is the planned settlement called S'Agaró, the Costa Brava's showpiece. Begun in 1923 by a sprightly, spindly Catalan named Josep Enxosa Gubert, it started with a pair of orderly white villas with red-tiled roofs. They were sold immediately. Artists and ministers and wealthy Spaniards joined the seaside community, buying plots and sometimes building



their own villas, all of which still have to be approved by S'Agaró's architect. In 1943 Enxosa joined two villages together, and with 11 rooms and two baths opened the *Hospital de la Gavina*, the Inn of the Seagull. It has never closed since, not even during the Spanish Civil War. Today *La Gavina* has 100 rooms, all with bath, and is generally accepted to be the best resort hotel in Spain. All of its rooms are decorated with precious antiques gathered by Enxosa through the years, and the tariff—antiques, food and all—is inside \$19 a day.

Burning along the seaside girth of S'Agaró, which encompasses the grounds of the *Gavina* and its more than 50 red-topped villas, is a stupendous cliffside walk that winds for four miles under the castled pines, through arched galleries, past strange *blancas* that sprout from the crevices in the red-brown rocks.

For the nighttime hours between dinner (finishing about 11:30) until dawn, Enxosa has created a nightclub under the pines called the *Garbí*. The coast's smartest dance band plays in this up-to-date forest, but should any guest feel the need of more strenuous exercise, the *Garbí*, like many another Costa Brava nightclub, has a sideline athletic endeavor—in this case, leaping, open-air and floodlit for night play. Just up-the-road the *Bikini* nightclub (dining and dancing) attracts the nocturnal athletes with one of the most beautiful miniature golf courses ever seen by the devotee of 18thput links. Aside from dazzling its players with its lovely gardens it fractures its English-speaking dufters with a score card printed in the mother tongue. "We beg the players in their own advantage to help us conserving the game in best conditions," the card says. "Do not march on the playground itself if not necessary. Advance on the runway. Respect the plantations. Should a player hold up the persons following him, he will come to a standstill and let them continue. We thank you by anticipation for your collaboration."

Playa de Ara, where the Costa Brava for a fleeting interlude stretches into a broad flat beach flowered with yellow *cosmepeles* growing in the sand, is a veritable nest of nightclubs that flourish and fold with each new season. Its bars, including an all-German motel, are more permanent. A stanchy since 1926 is the *Mare de Costa Brava*, a family hotel eminently popular with the Swins, who camp there for \$3.00 a day for room and bath and meals plus 15% service. New this year is the *Park Hotel Mas Jover*, with 60 rooms hanging over the Mediterranean, just above a delight of a beach that runs in a small crescent of sand to a pine-dotted promontory up on the shoulders in the sea.

A scant five miles distant, Palamós is a bustling burg that beckons its fishermen home each afternoon by raising a flag and shooting off a cannon. The *pesqueros* come sailing into port there, anchoring their boats in the roadside and peeling ashore with the day's catch artfully displayed on palettes. A prime hayer is the *Hotel Tria*, a rather modest establishment as hotels go but possessed of an unusual loveliness, provided over by its lady proprietor, Maria Tria. It features the strange Catalan dish of lobsters with chocolate sauce,

continued

the further Catalan combination of lobster with chicken, but above all it makes a poetic *sagat* simmering such fish as raps, egg roig ("red head" in Catalan), *gamba* (shrimp) and *calloset* (bottlefish) in a stew of smashed almonds, olive oil, flour, garlic, parsley and saffron.

There is no coastal road after Palamós, so you take the inland highway to a hub and from the hub you take a spoke that leads down to some seaside hideaway where in summer fishermen must move over and make room for foreigners down from the north. Tamarit is like that, and you reach it along a crooked way from the hub called Palafrugell. It is the tiniest of coves caught between a thumb and forefinger of mosaic rock fringed with the green of pines. In the cove is a sandy beach where little barks nest and fishing boats with their glow-worm lights wait for the night's work. Almost a continuous terrace stretches around the half-moon of the beach and over it an arbor, and it is hard to tell where one tavern leaves off and a new one begins. Up above, cigarettes hang out of balconies and converse with coconuts, and down below, dahlias grow as big as grapefruits and strollers pause to read the signs of the Bar Bar-Xat: "Food and drink are bad here but they are still worse in other places. Choose the lesser evil."

The Hotel Tamarit, which is part of the seaside concert, has some 50 rooms that with private bath cost \$3.00 a day, including taxes, meals and dinner wine. At that, both lunch and dinner are four-course meals. On the hillside looking down on it all, El Hostalillo charges \$3.75 a day plus 15%. Permanent population in Tamarit: 85.

From Palafrugell another spoke leads over the hills and down to the sea at Aiguà Blanca, where the fishermen seem to have surrendered hopelessly to the sylvanites. The hillside amphitheater is strewn with lovely villas, belonging to the furman's sons specialist, the Count of Arruga; Ventura y Calvell, former Minister of Finance; Juan Roger Galles, a textile tycoon; Artie Shaw; and other captains of industry. The Galles estate adjoins the grounds of the Aiguà Blanca Hotel, a delightful inn perched at the water's edge amid umbrella pines and succulents looking out on red rock, beige sand, white boats, black gullies and blue and green

water. Its dining room is furnished with high-backed, country-style chairs and decorated with fabric draperies, cords still attached. Bright pottery sparkles on the white plaster walls. There are tennis and open-air ping-pong and a choice of four beaches in the tiny bay. At day's end the solo-body-brothers retreat to Hama Morta, where the sun lingers longest. Diehard paddle out to an island 30 yards offshore which is clear of the sheltering hills and bask in sunset's final glow. An Aiguà Blanca room with terrace by the sea rents for \$7.75 a day for two with meals, or a flat \$7 without the perch. A private bungalow for two with daily subsistence comes to \$8 U.S. For excursionists the Aiguà Blanca has reciprocal rights for lunch at a choice of seven hotels stretching from San Feliu clear up to La Escala.

PALE AND ANCHORED

The northwest spoke out of Palafrugell lead now to the village with the singularly cordial name of Pala, and to La Escala, which claims fame as the birthplace of that ruler of the rumba, Xavier Cugat. The hills have flattened into plains here and the roads are long tunnels of leafy plane trees that stretch at last to the outskirts of La Escala, the most sedentary little settlement this side of Sitges. La Escala catches fish, and in every dark warehouse corner patient fishermen sit by the hour packing anchovies in jars or stuffing them into wooden boxes for export across the world. While this may make for a solid economy, it doesn't do much for the nostrils. On the other hand, neither does it deter a sturdy company of Dutch, Belgians, English, Germans, French and Swiss who flock to the Hotel Varamar, where they live the seaside life a step or two away from the anchovy-stuffing, a privilege for which they pay \$3.00 a day. For painters and photographers La Escala is a gem. Its high-grown trunks, which go to sea all night, pose all day in the sun. Its fishermen and its visitors on chill days drink *correr*, which is a bowl of coffee and rum served purple and flaming in the taverns of La Escala and the still open-air nightclubs of Llafranc. But until Varamar builds a long-promised pool over the offshore rocks the nearest swimming is on the beach of the ruined city of Ampurias, which was first settled by Phoenicians from

Marseilles who built a small shipyard there about 550 B.C. Later came the Greeks and then the Romans. In the third century B.C. it was a Roman naval base and the largest city of Roman Spain. Norman pirates sacked Ampurias in the ninth century and it lay under sand until archaeologists came probing in 1938.

Far more interesting than dead Ampurias is the live ruin of Cadaqués, which can be reached by hiring a boat from La Escala or by trundling zigzag over the Pyrenean foothills. Inside this natural fortress, all but cut off from the rest of Spain, is the tumble-down town, so often sacked by Ganks and then by Turks, by French and English and pirates that it seems hardly new to care. There is a tavern in the town under a few trees in the square, and even a few shops of singularly good taste. And, strangest of all, a perilous road leads around the sea wall into waves breaking over the passing cars—to the Roman Hotel, a Waldorf growing in Pompeii. Stunning shandies of Majorcan glass hang in the dining room, and in the bar where vacationing Spaniards gather the walls are aglow with lithographs of Dalí's illustrations for *Don Quixote*.

The master himself creates in a white house in Port Lligat, up a meandering road from Cadaqués. Besides his home there is the tiny Port Lligat Hotel, built of shale rock and glass, that looks, as Dalí's does, down to the cove with its boats pulled up at the *casalerols* and Dalí's two white swans cruising the lagoon. Stuffed swans live inside Dalí's house, as does a stuffed polar bear who stands on his haunches inside the front door wearing a turquoise necktie, and a carved arm comes out of one wall clutching in its plaster hand a wooden pushlock and an American flag.

"Look, no green," Dalí says as he surveys gray mounds tumbling into the sea. "I cannot stand green. Here looks like skeleton of one rotten donkey. Can work fine. Work, work, work. No green. In New York sleep, sleep, sleep, cogitation and cocktail parties."

Down below in Aiguà Blanca, S'Agaró, Tossa and Lloret the grass grows greener. For the international clan that gathers amid the verdure of the pines there is no work—just sleep, sleep and sun, carnivals and the *sardana*. The piper gets paid in ponetas, and \$5 hasn't stretched so far since the free lunch was in flower. END



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The unknown home run hitter

The Pirates' Frank Thomas was an unspectacular ballplayer until the Dodgers and Giants moved west. Their friendly new parks helped make him the league's top slugger

FRANK JOSEPH THOMAS is a large, brawny young man with a pleasant job, a lovely family, a reasonable mortgage and good teeth. He enjoys the comfort of a highly adequate paycheck twice a month, and, in three days of high tensions, his emotional disturbances are about like those of The Glass Menagerie Bank. The son of a Lithuanian immigrant, Frank basks in the adulation of a sports-loving land, where, at the age of 23, he is crowding the threshold of fame. You would have to say that he is a happy man.

Since this is the middle of the baseball season, however, and since Thomas plays third base and sometimes the outfield and occasionally first base for the Pittsburgh Pirates, he is a very busy young man, too, and seldom finds time to think about these things. One does not stop to count one's blessings while leading the league in home runs and runs batted in, for some tricky character is almost certain to pick just that moment to slip a fast ball over the outside corner. But when Frank does relax, it is a relatively simple matter for him to select the one man who has done the most for his career.

He was carefully nurtured through the sprawling Pittsburgh farm system by Branch Rickey. He was brought up to the big leagues by Branch Rickey. He was personally instructed in the art of hitting by Branch Rickey. And he has become one of baseball's higher-salaried performers, not without the endorsement of Branch Rickey. Who, then, has done the most to lift Frank Thomas above the masses and give him the chance to gain lasting fame? Walter O'Malley.

Until O'Malley moved the Dodgers to the West Coast and corked Horace Stoneham and the Giants along in the backwash, Thomas was a right-handed hitter getting 21 or 23 home runs a year in a league which has long paid a premium to muscular left-handers. This year, however, with the arrival of the now-infamous screen-pitched 250 feet down the Los Angeles Coliseum's left-field line, and the jet stream which blows pop flies over the left-field fence in San Francisco, Thomas and the National League's other right-handed power hitters have been having a ball. Gone from the top of the home-run rankings are Snider and Klusznicki and Musial, to be replaced by players like Banks and Walls and Cepeda and Beyer and Maya. And, of course, Frank Thomas, who heads the list.

With the 1958 season only a bit more than half over, Thomas has hit 23 home runs. Of these, 13 came in the 22 games he played in San Francisco and L.A. "I don't want to sound like I'm popping off," says Frank, who has the not-unearned reputation of being a very candid young man, "but I know that if I could play 77 games, a home-park schedule, in the Coliseum, I could break Ruth's record of 90 home runs."

The very thought is enough to make rival National Leaguers shudder, for it is almost universally accepted among them that he is probably right. Of all the players in the league, none was ideally equipped to go easy on the new parks as Thomas, a very powerful athlete who just naturally whallops the ball high up in the air and sharply down the line. Yet no one screamed "cheaps" when he hit all these home runs on the Coast

early this year, for Frank's fellow professionals admit that it couldn't happen to a more deserving guy. For five years they have watched him labor in spectacular ineptitude on Forbes Field, and it was about time that he got a chance to shine.

Forbes Field, the home park of the Pirates, is a nightmare for home-run hitters and the bane of Frank Thomas' existence. Last year, for example, when 219 home runs were hit in Cincinnati's Crosley Field and 185 at the Polo Grounds and 171 in Kibitz Field, only 51 were hit in Pittsburgh. There it is 100 feet from home plate to the left-field wall, and there are 362 good reasons why Frank Thomas has remained perhaps the best-known really good hitter in all baseball.

NO MORE GARDENS

In 1931 he hit 79 home runs, and this was more homers than even Ralph Kiner hit in his first full year as a Pirate. But in 1931 Forbes Field still included an appendage known as Greenberg Gardens, a low fence built some 100 feet closer to home plate than the regular left-field wall and constructed as a repository for home-balls off the bat of Hank Greenberg. When Greenberg retired at the end of that year, the Garden was left intact, for by then Kiner was dropping home-balls in there with great regularity, too. But in 1950 Kiner was traded to the Cubs, and the Pirates were suddenly confronted with a disturbing statistic: far more opposing home runs were going over the short fence than could be mastered by the home team, even with Thomas' help. So the next season the home was missing.

"I didn't mind too much," says Frank, "because it was best for the team. Same, it cut down on my home runs, but you have to face it—those other teams were beating us to death. I don't like it, you understand. I could hit more home runs and make a lot more money somewhere else. But

that's baseball. I just keep swinging and do the best I can."

The best he has been able to do in the last four years is a total of 66 home runs, a figure not calculated to hurtle every the headlines the names of Miguel and Aaron and Matthews and Mays. In fact, the central fact, when the native Thomas comes up is often asked to ask, "Who's he?" Has the press themselves figure things differently. They believe that in another park Thomas would regularly produce 35 to 40 home runs a season and they recognize him as a skilled and versatile ballplayer with very good hands, reasonable speed for a man who stands 6 feet, 3 inches, weighs 235 pounds and a tremendously powerful and accurate arm. They are also aware of his charming ability to play any one of half a dozen positions. As a result, the Pirates are besuaged each year with offers for his services from just about every club in the league.

"They are all after him every year," says Joe Brown, the youthful general manager of the Pirates. "I know Mr. Brown was turned down \$200,000 a year for him. And that's a lot of cash."

The Pirates have hung on to Thom-

as in the death-knelling, however, and the reason is plain enough. They couldn't get along without him. A young team struggling to rebuild over the past half dozen years, the Pirates have managed to develop a club with speed, sharp hitting, good defense—and absolutely no power at all. Last year they hit a total of 92 home runs, and Thomas hit a fourth of those. In six months of 31 games at home, the Pirates could hit only three balls out of the park. Thomas hit all three.

A RID ON CRUTCHES

Frank was born and raised in Pittsburgh only 10 minutes from the ball park, and his father, whose name in the old country was spelled Thomas and another still live in the neighborhood in which they once lived for 15 years. As a kid, Frank used to sneak into the Pirates games whenever he could find an open gate.

"I remember once when I hurt my leg," he says, "and was on crutches, outside the dressing room waiting for the players to come out. Rip Sewell was around because over and asked me what happened. And then he walked a mile with me to the street and my leg was better in no time."

In 1924, when I was at Charleston, I played for Sewell and I told him about it. He didn't remember it, but I sure did. I'll never forget it."

Frank was raised in a devout Roman Catholic home, and at the age of 12 he decided that his future lay in the priesthood. Accordingly, he was admitted to Mount Carmel College, a seminary in Virginia Falls, Kansas. Four years later he decided he would rather play baseball, so he turned and his parents to go down to the sand lots of Pittsburgh. Within a year he had signed a three-year contract with a local priest named Father Madarity talked Pittsburgh into matching the deal, and 12 years after that Frank would play before the gods he once played with on the sandlots. And yet not on the road for the big leagues.

There are those, of course, many in the Pittsburgh organization, who firmly believe that Branch Rickey is the greatest man who ever lived. From this group, Thomas would prefer to be excluded.

"He may know a lot about baseball," says Frank now, "but he didn't know much about me. He kept me in the minors after I was ready for the

With his girls, THOMAS LEFT FOUND IN WHILE, STANKE (LEFT) AND BETTY ANN HOLD EVERYTHING TOGETHER BY SHARON ANN



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THE UNKNOWN HITTER

big league, and then, when I finally got up there, he wouldn't pay me what I was worth."

Even after Thomas had shortened the careers of several Southern Association pitchers with 31 home runs, 181 runs batted in and a .368 average for New Orleans in '52, Rickey wanted to send him back for more seasoning. But Fred Haney, then manager of the Pirates, talked Rickey into letting the kid stay.

"Sure, I battled Mr. Rickey to keep him," says Haney, who is now manager of the World Champion Milwaukee Braves but has never completely succeeded in forgetting those less fortunate days. "He was striking out a lot—I remember Ruben Gomez struck him out four times in one day—but I liked his stubbornness and I liked his confidence. I wanted to give the kid a chance. We weren't going anywhere anyway, and you could see that Frank might be a hell of a ball-player some day. The only way to find out was to put him in there and let him play."

The opportunity—along with a little coaching from George Bielek on the location of the strike zone—was apparently all that Frank needed. He drastically reduced his strikeouts and in the second half of the season hit 24 home runs.

"All I got paid that year, though," says Frank, "was the \$8,000 minimum. And then Branch Rickey had the nerve to offer me a contract for the next season with just a small raise. We argued and I talked to the reporters and Branch got mad and said he wouldn't talk to me at all, we could just do our negotiating through the newspapers if that was what I wanted. Eventually I ended up playing in '54 for \$12,000. What I really felt I deserved was \$15,000."

The next year, despite a .298 average and 14 runs batted in, Thomas and Rickey had contract troubles again. "This time I held out," says Frank, "and if it hadn't been for Dorothy and the baby, I think I would just have stayed at home. Rickey kept comparing me to Kiner and I kept telling him that if he wanted to compare me with Kiner, why didn't he pay me like Kiner."

He lost 17 pounds with a bad virus attack that spring, and it wasn't until August that he really began to hit. It was his worst year, but he still made his first All-Star team. "I figured

Dorothy had picked me just because of the rule that says each team in the league must be represented," says Frank, "and I went around to thank him. 'Listen, boy, I didn't do you a favor,' Leo said. 'You belong on this All-Star team.' It was one of the nicest things anyone ever said to me in my life."

New Frank's contractual relations with the front office, where Brown has replaced Rickey, are on a much more pleasant plane, although Thomas still figures that where the Pirates and money are concerned he is still way behind.



HITTING HOMERS in New Francisco and Los Angeles: Frank Thomas (left), Hank Aaron (right).

"Sure, he has some ideas of his own," says Brown, "but you wouldn't think so much of a person who didn't. Frank and I get along all right."

Bob Friend, the talented Pirates pitcher and the one man who has joined Thomas in giving the club a semblance of big league class in some of the rockier years in the past, calls Frank among the best left-handers he has ever seen. "When he first came up, he got a terrific jump on a fly ball. He could run—I guess he's slowed down a little now—and he had those great hands. And, of course, his arm has always been one of the best."

But despite his hitting and his class in the outfield, perhaps Frank's greatest contribution to the Pirates comes in his willingness to play almost any position—and thoughtfully to play it well. In 1968 Bobby Bogan tried eight different players at third base. None fit. Then Thomas, who had long maintained that the 320 feet which separated the batter from him in left field was not about as close as he wanted to get, consented to try. He didn't eagerly start off Pittsburgh fans by talking about Pie Traynor, but he fitted—and the Pirates had no more worries at third.

"For a man who never played the position before," says the current Pirates manager, Harry Murtaugh, "he does an outstanding job."

Then last year, when Pittsburgh found itself fresh out of first basemen, Thomas moved over there, and many are the National Leaguers who will tell you that this is the position where he really belongs. But this season, with Ted Kaczmarek and now Dick Stuart available, Frank was content once at third, and that is where he has spent most of his time.

It has been a good year. He won the starting third base job in the All-Star Game and won the National League Player of the Month award for June. And, celebrating his 29th birthday June 11 in San Francisco, he hit a home-loaded home run and another home run twice in consecutive games as the Pirates beat the Giants 14-6. What would have been a third home run for the day—the home was loaded again—was curvied foul by misplay.

One reason they love him in Pittsburgh is that Frank Thomas may be one of the most public-relations-conscious ballplayers in history. He never refuses an autograph and can frequently be found on base and a half after games standing outside Forbes Field writing his name on programs and baseballs and building game marks before an endless line at Pittsburgh mopeds, a line which sometimes includes their parents, too.

He has a national fan club which may be the largest in baseball, and around the league the big man with the beard, streaked hair and startling pale-mold eyes can frequently be found in hotel lobbies surrounded by photographers who ought to know what he wants ("anything but alcohol; after three 1968s away at school, I don't want to see another 1968"), what he wears ("sports coats and suits"), what kind of car he drives

("a 1948 Pontiac station wagon"), how many little Thomases there are ("four: Joanne, 6; Patricia Ann, 3; Sharon Ann, 2; and Frank William, 6 months") and how big his nipples are ("not big enough"). On his birthday and at Christmas, even on Father's Day, they send him presents.

He gets along well with newspapermen, because he is friendly and cooperative and never ducks a question. And much of his off-duty time is spent in hospitals, visiting sick children. "It's not the sort of thing a lot of ballplayers do," says Joe Brubaker, man of the Pittsburgh Press. "He doesn't make a great big production of it. He just goes up there and visits around because he likes kids and wants to help. One day in the middle of the winter I dropped in to see a child who was a patient at Pittsburgh's Children's Hospital. The first person I ran into was Frank."

THE SLEEPY LONER

Although Frank Thomas is becoming a real name at long last, with the fans, it is extremely doubtful if he will ever be voted the most popular player in the league among opposing players or even those on his own team. Very few of them really know him, and no one completely understands him. This is partially because he is something of a loner, without any really close friends in the game, preferring to spend his time with his family while the team is at home, and most of his time on the road alone. ("It's my No. 1 hobby," says Bob.) But primarily it is because other players have not discovered that the surest way to find out what Frank Thomas really thinks is simply to ask him. He is an outspoken man and sometimes, perhaps unfortunately, his opinions are rather strong.

"I've been around Frank ever since he came up," says Bob Friend, "and he's all right. He's a real nessler but I don't think he means anything by it. He's not mean, he's just having fun. But you have to admit that he has a real talent for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. I know that he sometimes makes me so mad I could shoot him."

Just the same, I like him. And I'll say this for him. He's got the perfect attitude for a ballplayer. He never broods when he's in a slump, he never takes his problems home with him. And out there in the field he's giving you everything he's got every minute of the time."

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**Fulmer starts a national
comeback against Szuzina**

THE RETURN of Gene Fulmer, who briefly held the middleweight championship, to national attention will be celebrated on television the night of July 30 (a Wednesday) when he meets Frank Szuzina at Madison Square Garden. This might be billed as the Battle of the Bulls, since both men are only a little more deft than dinosaurs. The Garden's china shop will be stressed with limited seating and the seats at three who regard boxing skill as an offense to the eye will be lifted up.

Fulmer's collapse, which began with a lovely left hook thrown by Sugar Ray Robinson a year ago last May, has been due partly to his insistence that he was entitled to another title shot just because he thinks he was promised one in a carefully phrased letter from Truman Gibson, IBC president. He has been refused in fighting such fellows as Mike Savage and Jimmy Hagerle, both of whom he defeated by decision. In neither fight did he look like a wartime champion, according to reports.

Szuzina's distinctions of the year are a couple of losses to Joey Giardello, one of them a formal-dress affair at the Hotel Sherkham in Washington, D.C. (51, June 9) and a TKO over Johnny Fern. Though he generally loses in classy company, Szuzina is not quite so bad as the record, and he even holds a curious win over the new welterweight champion, Virgil Atkins.

This could be a very close fight and a bloody one. A win loss makes Fulmer the favorite here.

Tony Anthony, the light heavyweight aspirant to the bigger division, has been doing nothing but knocking out his opponents this year, including one TKO over Yves Durille, the British Empire light heavy-

weight champion. Anthony looks likely to score another KO against the long-idle heavyweight, Archie McBride, at Syracuse in a Friday night (August 1) affair. Archie had but two fights in 1957, only one in 1958, none at all this year, and his record in that series is two losses and a win over Will Bernstein.

Boxing investigations are a historical commonplace and many turn out to be no-decision affairs. But for



GENE FULMER will never look the way he won from and lost to why Sugar Ray.

four months, since he turned loose a posse of subpoena servers among the long-tipped crowd at Madison Square Garden, District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York has been giving occasional evidence that his staff is leading on points and that he may yet win a decision which, carried far enough, could revolutionize the managerial and even promotional aspect of the sport. Consequently, prize-fighting's scandals are now a tame and common-gang, wondering who will be hit next. To their dismay, Hogan has been dropping shoes like a centipede undressing for bed—an indictment here, a subpoena there—

and no one knows when he will drop the next one or how many he has left.

So far, an International Boxing Club matchmaker has resigned, a boxing judge and a sometime matchmaker have been indicted, one of the sport's top managers has surrendered his license, and James D. Norris, who quit as IBC president, has consented to accept a subpoena, though with hints that he may not answer it because of his heart condition.

There will almost certainly be more indictments. Another one was revealed last week with the surrender of a man in alligator shoes and a blue-on-blue silk suit, a fellow who has broken two murder rapes and chuckles affably when he recalls that he once was charged with mauling on the high seas. He could write a book, this fellow. In fact, he has written one, and an agent is trying to peddle the autobiography. For this was none other than Champ Segal, a big fish taken on the rather small bait of a misadventure indictment—acting as undercover manager of a fighter.

The Champ, a ruddy-faced, big-shouldered man at 35, whose only conviction is a lifetime association with mobsters drew him a \$25 fine for a liquor law violation, pleaded a nonchalant not guilty, posted bail and then retired to his Park Avenue apartment. Some time this fall, one may expect, he will once more stand shoulder to shoulder in a courtroom with an old friend, Frankie Carbo, whom he has known since Murder, Inc. was doing a prosperous business. Carbo has not yet been indicted but he is a prime prospect. It will be like old times then for him and Segal, because they—and Ruggie Siegel and Lepke Buchalter, both now gone to their rewards—were buddy defendants 19 years ago when they were tried for the syndicate murders of Harry "Big Boy" Greenberg. Naturally, they were not convicted.

Johnny Summerlin, whose career as a fighter ended when Sports Illustrated disclosed (51, June 18) that he was suffering from typhosus miasmata over his entire left side, sensibly did not resent the disclosure. Instead, he turned to the magazine as to a friend and asked help in finding work. As a result Detroit's Department of Parks and Recreation gave Johnny an appointment patrolling the beach at Belle Isle and a promise that in the fall he will be a boxing instructor. Happy ending. **END**

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REX ELLSWORTH IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST PASTURES OF HIS CROWN RANCH. FACING CAMERA IS HIS GRASSY MARE NICKEL-GRA

When the Bluegrass goes West

Parlaying a \$600 risk into a \$4 million breeding bonanza, Rex Ellsworth may make California the Kentucky of tomorrow

REX C. ELLSWORTH, the lean and wiry Kentucky rancher portrayed above, changed from his customary blue jeans to a conservative dark business suit and posed modestly as *QATAR* rider during time in the grandstand at Hollywood Park last Saturday afternoon. They were all there to watch the 18th running of the \$100,000-added Westerner, the mile-and-a-quarter test for 3-year-olds which traditionally crowns the division's summer champion in the West. Ellsworth, sitting in a box alongside his close friend and trainer, Miah Tenny, was shooting for the purse with a chestnut colt by *Khaleel* out of a mare named *Ivan* Bonard. The colt was named *The Shoe* as a tribute to Bill Shoemaker, Ellsworth's regular

trainer, but other than that the horse's only serious claim to fame was that he is a full brother to *Swaps*, an earlier product of Ellsworth's ranch and undoubtedly the finest race-horse ever bred in California.

As the race got under way, Ellsworth and Tenny watched through their binoculars, their faces expressionless. When the field rounded the turn far home, *The Shoe*, ridden by his namesake, found himself shut off by an undistinguished colt named *Hilldale*, who went on to lose a close stretch duel to another comparatively obscure horse named *Strong Bay*. The winner had been claimed for a mere \$12,500 at Santa Anita by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Camp, and six weeks ago he was hurting so much from bad

shoulders, general rheumatism and bad ankles that few thought he would even be able to make the race. When *The Shoe*, who finished third, was moved up to second ahead of *Hilldale* on a disqualification, Ellsworth and Tenny still showed no particular signs of pleasure, and quite rightly. Their leading prospect for 1976 had looked anything but impressive against a very mediocre class of horses. Even allowing for the fact that the West's three ranking representatives—*Gene Faber*, *Old Partle* and *Silky Sullivan*—were all sidelined with unseemly ailments, the race underscored a depressing truth about California Thoroughbreds: they are currently a second-rate lot, despite the considerable efforts of Rex Ellsworth himself over the last half dozen years.

In California, where the citizens like to travel first class or not at all, the Thoroughbred racing circuit is a spectacle of wealth and glamorous un-

equaled anywhere in the world. Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, the most spacious and sumptuous of all U.S. tracks, lead the entire racing world in purse distribution, and there have no peers in the art of racing showmanship—which, of course, includes the art of publicity. Nonetheless, the class of home-grown horse-flesh which competes on California tracks has never been on a par with the surroundings.

Only rarely in recent years has California produced a Thoroughbred of truly national stature. Ellsworth's Soaps, who came East to win the 1935 Kentucky Derby and went on to share the championship honors of his generation with Nashua, was the last horse of any consequence to be raised in the state. All too frequently, as the publicity mills have ground out their propaganda during the winter months, the California-breds—Yearling and Correlation being two notable examples of freshmeats—have made disappointing showings in eastern competition.

No summer had Soaps seemed to end this unhappy state of affairs than along came that towering heavy-weight, Silky Sullivan, colorful and flamboyant as he was, heralded almost as much in doing grade California racing prestige as Soaps had done to build it up. "If Silky Sullivan is the best that California has," said one eastern critic after watching Silky shirk his chores in the Derby and Freshman, "then these guys out there had better fold their tents and give up."

The Californians, however, are not about to take this advice and there is no better evidence than the current activities of Rex Ellsworth. The man who was responsible for Soaps is, at the age of 31, one of the most profitable breeders and buyers that racing has ever known. He is also a man of tremendous drive and considerable industry, for despite his success as the West's No. 1 breeder, Ellsworth's Morning training has led him to avoid publicity wherever possible. Hence he is often misunderstood, occasionally misquoted and nearly always held under some suspicion by those who cannot get close enough to him to find out what sort of man he really is. When I went out to his ranch in China last week, I remarked that some of his fellow Californians felt positive that within 10 years he would be one leading breeder in the world. Looking out over his flat pasture land, he paused for a moment to

watch a brood mare get slowly to her feet out of a dusty bed she had made for herself. Then he replied with an exact matter-of-factness that is so typical of everything he does: "If I ever have the same success with the brood mares I've bought during the last two years that I've had with my 15 or so other mares," he said, "there's no reason why I shouldn't be the most successful." The remark was not boastful; it was just the honest conviction of a man who has purchased a \$600 investment in 1934 into a Thoroughbred empire worth about \$4 million today. And Ellsworth feels it will be worth many times that amount before he calls it quits.

PREPAREDNESS HORSE TRADER

To achieve his lofty ambition, Ellsworth, who grew up on the ranges of his father's Arizona cattle ranches, has spent considerable time in the last few years dickering for bank loans in order to penetrate the speculative world of horse racing. By no means a wealthy man, he must frequently arrange deals within deals to obtain the finest in horseflesh. For Ellsworth is a buyer. He has traveled to nearly every major Thoroughbred center on earth in search of the very best stock he can bring home to China. While leaving the training of the Ellsworth string entirely to his partner, Miah Tenney, who has kept their red-and-black sicks consistently near the top of the national standings, Rex has become as familiar a figure at Newmarket and at the Irish and French studbooks as the local

California sales at Pomona and Del Mar. And when he goes to buy his boys, two years ago he paid Aly Khan \$600,000 for 41 brood mares, one of them a foal. Since then there have been other trips and further outlays of substantial money. The result is that today Ellsworth has roughly 110 mares at China, and the majority of them represent some of the finest classic bloodlines in Europe. Their offspring have in many instances already distinguished themselves on foreign turf. For example, one of Ellsworth's mares is Bina, the dam of this year's Grand Prix de Paris winner, San Roman. Bina's 1935 foal is a filly by Migoli, sire of vibrant Marn, and she will race for Ellsworth as a 3-year-old next season. Another mare at China is Donga, a half sister to Gallant Man. Her present foal, a filly by Khaleel, will first race in 1936. Then there is the brood mare Nihilona, dam of this year's Princess Elizabeth Stakes winner Princess Lora. Nihilona has a 1933 filly by Prince Chevalier, and is currently contracted to breed the next foal example of the class of brood mare Ellsworth has on his ranch. His Rose of Yreka, dam of Rose Bayle, the best filly in Europe in 1935. Her two last recent deaths, Rose of Yreka dropped a 1937 Tehran colt for Ellsworth to race a year from now.

Altogether there are 31 mares at China with other yearlings of sucklings at hand, thus assuring Ellsworth plenty of racing material for the next two years. He estimates

(Continued)



READYING HIM AT 18-month-old, Ellsworth sold his Rainbow Ellsworth, who paid \$50,000 for him. Investment was quickly returned by great runner Soaps.



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HORSE RACING outcast

start his two 80 mares in deal at the moment, meaning an almost unbelievable large crop of 2-year-olds for the 1983 season. But if Ellsworth is mindful of the importance of having first-class brood mares, he is just as loudly aware of the necessity of sending his mares to the best possible stallions. In this connection it may seem entirely unimportant that he disposed of Seaporter having maintained that the champion was the greatest horse he ever saw. "I sold him because I couldn't afford to keep him," he says. "By that I mean I wanted the money to be able to buy the kind of mares that Khaled deserved. Now you take some of the stallions in Kentucky, like Nasrullah. They have sired some of the best mares in America, but out here we had Khaled, who was getting a few good ones; not nearly enough, but when you think that Khaled sired many producing runners—and these colts and fillies of his have always seemed to be able to run at any age—I naturally felt he deserved the world's top mares. But to buy them I had to sell Seaporter."

HE SHARES OF YATATO PREFERRED

Ellsworth had never disclosed the total value of the Seaporters, but it is estimated to be about \$2 million. With the money acquired from this deal and later ones, Ellsworth himself bought (for \$180,000) the 14-year-old Argentine stallion Nigromante and, more recently, Toulouse Lauret. In addition to Khaled he has the fast son of Khaled, El Drag, and he owns all shares in Yatato, another Argentine which was imported to California to be syndicated in 24 shares at \$10,000 a share. Even though he no longer owns him, Ellsworth still has a healthy interest in Seap, now standing in Kentucky. This season he sent four mares to Seap, six to Yatato, 22 to Nigromante and more than 40 to Khaled. "I took Khaled to 10 markets," says Rex, "but we often get him a few others if we can work them in."

It is this sort of frank statement about his breeding operations—coupled with what once was a nearly nonexistent system of bookkeeping—that has prompted some of Ellsworth's critics to question his methods. And Ellsworth is aware of the criticism. "I'm a man used to being outdoors all my life," he says. "I

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never went into my office if I didn't have to. Every time, without exception, work to be done, I can only stay behind that desk for about one hour before there's a big explosion and another day on my face. But I do have a full-time backhoe operator, and my wife Nola helps out a lot."

As for the expanding operations at his own 400-acre Chico ranch, Elsworth is pretty optimistic about the future of California breeding in general. "We stand still for a long time," he admits. "But then we seem to be moving ahead. I think one of the reasons we'll keep moving ahead is that we are now keeping some of our good stallions out here." The California Thoroughbred Breeders' Association lists about 300 stallions today; and, according to President Louis Roman, there are, in addition to the syndicated Yonkers and the Elsworths, six or seven useful and potentially useful studs in Sycamore, Arcadia, Cover Up, Indira, Determiner, Near and Turk's Delight.

Although Elsworth and some of his fellow Californians are at last building the foundations for a sound line of native Thoroughbreds, it will be some time before the Far West will seriously challenge Kentucky, based on the race track's and substantial numbers. Louis Roman, nevertheless, "We are making up, but it takes plenty of time. Twenty years ago, we were producing a lot of top and very decent quality, there were probably only 100 stallions in the whole state. Even 10 years ago we had only 50 or so top stallions. But today, with almost 1,000 mares in the state, between 200 and 300 of them are good enough to produce good horses. What's more important to a lot of our breeders, an increasing number of better stallions are either being kept in California or are being imported to stand here."

When Elsworth lets these start-of-the-race Thoroughbreds into his eye, and to begin working on the California side, "We might," he says in his earnest way, "have three racing stables going before too long: our usual bunch at Caliente, a string to race in California which could then go on to Chicago, and a third outfit strictly for New York and the East Coast." There is no doubt in the mind of these California gentlemen that California will be a first-class home-grown Thoroughbred worthy of its magnificent racing facilities. **END**

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CHARLES GOREN / Bridge

This lawyer could afford a king

EVERY YEAR, the American Contract Bridge League selects from its roster of 75,000 players one honorary member. Past selections have included such historic names as Milton Work, Wilbur Whitehead, Ely Culbertson, Harold S. Vanderbilt and General Alfred Grantham.

The popular choice for 1988 is my good friend and frequent teammate, Lee Hazen. A successful attorney, Hazen is one bridge star who has achieved top rank while carrying on a full-time professional career.

The strenuous job of competing in a bridge tournament is doubly exhausting on top of a full day's work. Yet, during the national championships in Los Angeles last December, Hazen flew two round trips coast-to-coast. And in March, when his team won the Vanderbilt Cup team of four, Hazen commuted from snowbound Atlantic City to his work-laden desk in New York, thanks to service furnished by Johnny Rau, a bridge star with a pilot's license and a single-engine Beechcraft plane.

Hazen started defensively in the following deal.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
10	SA	10, 7	PASS
SA	PASS	8, 7, 7	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening leads: spade queen

Hazen owns a sense of humor as keen as his sense of timing in bridge. Back flashed brightly in his description of what happened when he held the East cards.

"Partner's lead of the queen of spades," said Lee, "was an unexpected pleasure. In fact, it aroused such enthusiasm that I gave him a really big come-on signal—one that he could not possibly ignore. Just to make sure that he wouldn't shift to some other suit, I played the king of spades."

Of course, Hazen's play of the spade king was not merely an extravagant signal; it was an essential play. Signaling with the 10-ace, although it expressed enthusiasm, would not have elicited another spade lead for the very good reason that—as Hazen had instantly realized—West might not have another spade to play. Declarer would have permitted West's queen to hold the trick, and that would have been that. West would have to lead another suit and, since he had plenty of stoppers in hearts and clubs, declarer would have ample time to establish the diamonds. The defenders could take only one spade and two diamond tricks, and South would have breezed home with an overtrick to boot.

East's overtake of partner's queen, however, made South's hold-up of his ace of spades futile, for East could and did continue leading the suit. The 10 forced out South's jack and, when he got in with the queen of diamonds, the spade 9 knocked out declarer's ace. South had no way to make game without the diamond suit, and when East got in again with the diamond ace he still had three good spade tricks remaining and was able to put the contract down two.

EXTRA TRICK

When you give a come-on signal, the rule is "Play the highest card you can spare." In this case, East could spare the king, and failure to play it would have been fatal. But in all cases, failure to play a higher card indicates inability to do so, and the information thus conveyed will frequently unmask declarer's attempt at deceiving the leader by false-carding. There are exceptions, too, when it will suggest the shift that is the defender's only hope.

It must be pointed out, however, that those tricks are lost because a player signals with a card he cannot afford to yield them because the come-on signal he can afford is too low to be effective. Throw an ace if you can afford to, but trust a 9-ace to do the job if you cannot spare a more encouraging card without danger of thereby setting up an extra trick for the enemy.

Peter Thomson

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Tip from the Top

Driving down tight fairways

WHEN you're playing a course where the fairways are narrow and tree-lined, the man who is a good driver really shines. A good driver is a player who can plan a certain type of shot to fit the requirements of each hole and then go ahead and execute that plan.

He doesn't step up on the tee and simply aim down the middle and try to split the fairway. What he does is aim down one side of the fairway and work the ball in. If most of the trouble lies to the right of the fairway, he will aim down the safer left side and hit the ball with a slight fade that brings it back toward the center of the fairway. Conversely, when the left is the dangerous side, he will aim down the right, away from the trouble, hitting the ball with a slight draw that again brings it into the center of the fairway. When he takes either of these two routes, he gives himself the whole width of the fairway to work the ball into. Say the fairway is 40 yards wide. He has the full 40 yards to shoot at, twice the room of the man who aims down the middle and so leaves himself only a 20-yard leeway to the rough on either side.

In order to execute these tee-shot tactics, it stands that a golfer must have the ability both to draw and fade his drives. This amounts to skill of a very high order, but the best drivers have it, and it sets them off from the other boys.



BEST WHEN: Phil Taylor on playing from hard and soft sand

AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS

continued from page 1

but a personality, a vibrant being. And wind is the breath of her life. A big "coffee grinder" which rattled amidships, and the jenny jib pulled from its stops with a roar. *Weatherly* seemed to sense the importance of the moment and got her shoulder driven to go to work in earnest. Sometimes there is no feeling of exhilaration to match a boat approaching maximum speed, her wave crashing rhythmically, bubbles blossoming past to leeward, wake tumbling far astern, the curve of the sails above, the thrust of the

lar courses. Over a complete windward-leeward course, a boat would have to average 4 knots. Triangular events required a speed of 4.3333 knots, a curiously complicated figure arrived at by some secret formula to bedevil navigators. Each day there would be two separate divisions starting 15 minutes apart.

Also, the carefully laid plans of the committee began changing. By noon, when a postponement was signaled so the line could be changed to insure a windward start as the boats shifted. While the boats jugged back and forth, intermittently, a series of anticlimax and frustration

ing to heavy fog, which swallowed the early southeast breeze almost completely. Division I: *Weatherly* leading *Wiffridy* by the same margin in sevene as on the preceding day when the clock ran out. Division II: *Colonel* again ahead of *Colonel*, when ditto. No race.

Tuesday: Fog, thick, impenetrable and clammy. After three hours of groping back and forth around the committee boat, attempts at a start were abandoned. No race.

Wednesday: Wind, sou'west 15-18 knots. Current and heavy *Weatherly* carried away a main halysed sheave on the way to the line and had to



On a mission: Skipper Arthur Knapp has been taking boats out to trial after waiting for wind to start *Weatherly*'s race.



On water: A group of sailors on the *Weatherly*. From left, port to starboard: Dave, Ray, Michael, Ted, Fred, Jack, and others. The boat is on the water, and the sailors are looking towards the camera.

hull beneath. To a sailor all else is pallid by comparison. We streaked for Brenton Reef Lightship where, on rendezvous with the race committee, course signals would be hoisted.

At the captain's meeting the previous evening, the plan for the Preliminary Trials had been announced, as simple and pat as ABC, plus D. In this case, A was *Vim*, B was *Colonel*, C was *Weatherly* and *Colonel*. There would be six races, three courses windward-leeward, three triangular. The boats would race in pairs. In the first event A would sail against B, and C against B; next day A would tackle C, while B took on D; and so on until all combinations had been matched, twice around. A time limit of 15 minutes for each 1-10 of a mile of the charted distance was established on the windward-leeward races, and 15-15 minutes per 1-10 of a mile on the triangu-

lar courses. Over a complete windward-leeward course, a boat would have to average 4 knots. Triangular events required a speed of 4.3333 knots, a curiously complicated figure arrived at by some secret formula to bedevil navigators. Each day there would be two separate divisions starting 15 minutes apart.

Also, the carefully laid plans of the committee began changing. By noon, when a postponement was signaled so the line could be changed to insure a windward start as the boats shifted. While the boats jugged back and forth, intermittently, a series of anticlimax and frustration

settled down like a pall, never to be completely dispelled through the evening work of bad weather—fog and calm—and breakdowns which plagued races and committees alike.

Thus, then, is a summary of the proceedings during the eight days of scheduled racing:

Saturday, July 12: Wind, south-west 12-15 knots. Division I: 19-year-old *Colonel* beat *Colonel*. *Colonel* vs. Division II: *Weatherly* was leading *Colonel* when the latter was forced to withdraw because of a series of minor rigging troubles, earning a Did Not Finish.

Sunday: Wind, light southerly in the morning, dying out in the afternoon. Division I: *Weatherly* ahead of *Vim* by a good margin when the time limit expired. Division II: *Colonel* leading *Colonel* when ditto. No race.

Monday: A morning haze thicken-

ing to heavy fog, which swallowed the early southeast breeze almost completely. Division I: *Weatherly* leading *Wiffridy* by the same margin in sevene as on the preceding day when the clock ran out. Division II: *Colonel* again ahead of *Colonel*, when ditto. No race.

Tuesday: Fog, thick, impenetrable and clammy. After three hours of groping back and forth around the committee boat, attempts at a start were abandoned. No race.

Wednesday: Wind, sou'west 15-18 knots. Current and heavy *Weatherly* carried away a main halysed sheave on the way to the line and had to turn back for repairs. So the committee was forced to send off the remaining three boats as a single division, abandoning for the day the planned concept of match racing. Results: *Colonel* the winner, *Vim* second, *Colonel* third.

Thursday: A bright morning nor'-wester swept the sky clear as it kicked up whitecaps in Brenton Cove but dropped off after the start to spotty cat's-paws of sepher and calm. *Colonel* elected to undergo necessary shipyard work to be ready for the morrow; again the committee had to start three together. Result: *Colonel* again first, but not far ahead of the time limit. *Colonel* second, *Weatherly* third.

Friday: Sunny, calm. After a long delay a faint east-on breeze appeared in the afternoon, encouraging a desperate committee to hoist signals.

continued

Division I: Weatherly leading Weather when time ran out less than half a mile from the finish. Division II: Weathering Columbia when she lost. No race.

Saturday, June 16th, the eighth day—wind. Almost too much. After a postponement in the harbor while the committee wanted pressure forecasts and guessed what atmosphere would come from wind pattern, signals were hoisted for a 24-mile triangular course. At last a race was started and completed as planned, and in a break steady breeze—a real sail. Division I: Van Benten 2, Columbia. Division II: Columbia won from Weatherly.

Even the above-suggested times and windy racing, the spotty and exclusive nature of the racing. Almost as many hours were spent by the fleet awaiting signals as actually sailing, and most of the events were further marred by the strongly windward-towered first one, then another, of the contestants. Weatherly was the Presi-

dent. Trials fell short of being the true tests, planned, after requiring five tries to complete a match race between Van and Weatherly, Columbia and Weatherly never did meet in actual combat. Weatherly, put in two summer only 16 days when the test trial, eventually being completed before and on, dark as the series progressed. Undoubtedly, launching dates of the three new yachts—and the amount of crew, practice and sail jockeying men, had time for in advance—had a direct relation to performance. At least in theory, each should improve in the same ratio during later encounter.

In difficulty to guess what the competitors decided about the respective moments of the competitions. Before the series, Commodore W. A. W. wrote off and ordered "The Presiding Trials are made for the education of the crews involved than for selection." Certainly some opinion was formed as the August problems began, the daily excitement time then, weighing upon technical matters as the speed in seconds of a sail change, the judgment in pulling the correct

end of the starting line, the ability to anticipate and take advantage of wind shifts. These are factors as much as who was given race, which may ultimately decide the defender.

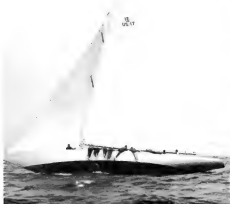
But there can be no doubt that the competing classes are well learned a lot, both about their own boats and their competitors and also what it means to improve to the highest honor in the racing world. First the 17 men and one woman directly involved—four crews of 11 each—found that preparing a 12-meter yacht for top competition is a hard labor. As John Batey, skipper of Columbia, "This is work, not work, being a racing ship compared to this. It's a 12-hour day any way you look at it, a 14-hour day. Every morning at 7, Tuesday morning how late we sail, there is a one-hour discussion session afterwards."

The same sentiment was echoed by Dick Herman aboard Van: "It's more than playing football. We never see anyone anymore." And Joe Hume, pretty young skipper of the Marlborough defender who sails aboard the Tuna, signed "That's in last every night to 10:00. We haven't seen a chance to see a movie."

The gear on a 12-meter yacht is both complicated and heavy. A woman must try to learn to handle it, with its carrying cover, a line of men hoist it to their shoulders and trudge along like an overgrown caterpillar. "Hey, you. No. 3 pair of legs," called Joe Hume, as a Weatherly sailor walked up the mast to hoist a line. "You're out of step." Skipper Arthur Kruger, likely to end a rugged searoom with a remark such as that: "I don't want to be a Captain Bligh, but..." And the "but" probably is the most unattractive, new, practice session, she is trying once plus or speaks of organizing over a difficult maneuver. Even after a race is completed—or called off when the time limit expires—practice goes on. In other way come Sunday, experienced with four different speakers, setting, trimming and dropping them in rapid succession; Columbia, state this day, was away from her mooring shortly after 5 o'clock for a two-hour session before signals were needed. In addition, to plan, sailing, work on the boat, crew at a mooring, odd jobs without number: filling tanks on a gas, adjusting rigging, splitting and snapping lines, putting up the mast, washing down topsides, salting levers, taking part in various.

Under way, there are special har-

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*It's
on the
ball*

AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS *Continued*

great was the pleasure on the water and to adhere to plan that the race was not called off for over three hours.

On the basis of what was demonstrated, Columbus has undoubtedly established herself as the boat to beat. An unexpected, since work is of paramount importance, she was able to overcome any computer's lead on Friday when Colsechin made a single mistake with her spinnaker at a turning mark. Yet Columbus is a racing machine in the fullest sense of the word: exact, functional, and beautiful. As all modern design is beautiful, her sturdy, even, and austere fittings have a look of the future about them. Logistically, her planning is meticulous and her organization excellent and tireless.

Thorough preparation and long even training aboard her were apparent. Her starts and tactical maneuvers were precise and well-timed. She appeared in no way outclassed or outbuilt, and actually when matching Colsechin's boat against her, accordingly alliances were planned — she won the windward-forward race they were able to complete, and was leading in their triangular encounter when the race was on.

Rain, Westerly, and Kinkadee had less opportunity to prepare, practice, and perfect sails than their two rivals, and at least in theory should be able to improve based on the future. In fact, against the new boats were capped, performance was almost in exact proportion to the amount of time they had, but had concerning the English's wins. Both showed great promise at times, both will undoubtedly be the most consistent water in the summer. So if the America's Cup race can be called the World Series of yachting, the Preliminary Trials can be called the spring training.

The last day takes the second trip, and nobody may be able to stomach or feel too bad about it. The pressure is on, but the competition's tradition until September. **END**

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS: A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS



How to place an olive correctly in a martini

This is a problem that comes up frequently . . . and it is not to be fobbed off irresponsibly with a reply like "suspend over glass and plonk."

The method of travel is not the issue, but rather, the bath at the end of the plunge. The proper way to place an olive in a martini is to place it in one made with Seagram's gin. (Everyone will agree to this, too, and so will onions.) Seagram's gin, you may discover something for an olive. It surrounds it with an aura of extra dryness that only a 44 proof gin can provide. And it offers the sublime extra something that only a 44-year-old-made gin can possess.

Ordinary gins have neither the proof nor the patience for creating such an atmosphere of luxury.

Next time you make a martini, use Seagram's gin, with maybe a little vermouth for laughs. Then suspend an olive between champagne and forefinger over the glass and drop, plonk, or plunge, as you will.

There will shortly be a refreshing sound coming from your throat. It will sound mighty like an "Ah-h-h-h!"

SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN



SPORT IN ART

Quarry Bathers

THE massive rock facade of this great granite quarry at Rockport, Mass. was a source of almost endless fascination for Joseph De Martini, who shows it here at evening when glowing moonbeams illuminate its dark, cool waters. An artist who grew up along the docks of Hoboken, watching the busy life of New York Harbor, De Martini later spent his summers in Rockport, where he produced much of the art for which he is best known. He painted the quarry in many different versions. Of this, the third in the quarry series, he says: "I was interested in getting a kind of architectural structure that would express the simple grandeur and majesty of this massive rock facade which I did in rather large, fairly flat areas, with figures sometimes like bas-relief sculpture, giving the whole something of a two-dimensional feeling." So successful were his interpretations of this subject that De Martini became to a degree identified with it; one tends to think of him as the painter of quarries, of rocky and romantic coastal scenes and seascapes, and overlook his many canvases of crowded city life. In his long painting career he has been the recipient of many prizes and won the garnet of critical characterization from "the talented young champion of the American scene" to "a modern romantic who brings substantial painting skill to imaginative landscape themes."

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XIPHIAS



He is a fish of magnificent proportions, awesome power and mysterious ways. His contempt for man is legendary, and the angler knows him as the most challenging of game fish.

by THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

WHEN, after seven dedicated summers of swordfishing in the blue water off northeastern Long Island, Hans Hinrichs of Quogue, N.Y., caught his first swordfish, he was so overwhelmed by pride and joy that he gave a banquet at "El" in New York with a goodly part of the 515-pound fish as the main course.

The incident serves to emphasize three facts about the swordfish. He is a delight to the epicure. He is hellishly hard to catch on rod and reel. And, he is caught only by the most single-minded of men.

The man who seeks a swordfish, whether it be off Montauk, Long Island or Martha's Vineyard, Mass., off Cabo Blanco, Peru or Santa Catalina Island, Calif., must have something of Captain Ahab in him. For the swordfish is the Moby Dick among

big-game fish, brooding and aloof, vast and wonderfully strong, growing to a thousand pounds and more. The broad, flat sword from which he takes his name and which forms his upper jaw may jut four feet before him, and he can wield it with devastating effect.

To meet a swordfish in combat a man must spend long days on a bright and shimmering sea, searching until his eyes burn for two black fins which tell him a swordfish, belly heavy with squid and fishes, has surfaced to sun and rest. He faces the disheartening fact that a satiated swordfish will more often than not disdain his bait, and that he will have to hunt on. And, if at the end of some exhausting hunt a man hooks a swordfish, he must be ready for hours of punishing battle. A swordfish will not often run with

the speed of a tuna or jump with the frenzy of a marlin, though he can and may do both. He fights deep and with unbelievable determination. And, to compound the unique physical and emotional stresses of swordfishing, the angler knows that his broadbill is very likely foul-hooked or marled in the cable leader and may escape, and that even if he is fairly hooked in the mouth his jawbone is so fragile that the hook may pull out at any moment.

Paradoxical as it is, the lofty indifference of a dining swordfish which so frustrates the sportsman is the very quality which insures swordfish steak on menus from Main Street to Mayfair. While he takes his sun, a broadbill can be as diffident toward an approaching boat as he can toward a bait, and a practiced commercial striker will thrust a harpoon into his back with almost ridiculous ease. But not with impunity. A swordfish aroused is an awesome creature. He has stove boats and killed men, and the chronicle of his mayhem and perversity spans 29 centuries and the Seven Seas.

THE SWORDFISH

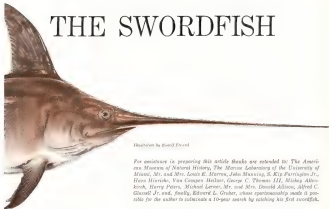


Illustration by Howard Chandler Christy

For assistance in preparing this article thanks are extended to The American Museum of Natural History, The Marine Laboratory of the University of Miami, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Morron, John Manning, E. Kip Farrington Jr., Hans Hirsch, Van Camps Millar, George C. Thomas III, Miesha Altomirch, Harry Peters, Michael Lermer, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Allison, Alfred C. Glawell Jr. and, finally, Edward L. Greher, whose sponsorship made it possible for the author to culminate a 10-year search by catching his first swordfish.

Aristotle was the first to take clear literary note of the swordfish. He called him *alpheia* (the sword) and observed quite accurately during the 4th century B.C. in his *History of Animals* that the swordfish was annoyed by parasites and scratched these oceanic fleas, as it were, by jumping out of the water and falling back with a shocking splash.

Shortly after, perhaps even during Aristotle's lifetime, Mediterranean fisherfolk began to spear swordfish. Their boats were cockleshells. They carried two men, one to row, one to strike the fish, and were usually built and painted to resemble a swordfish. This Trojan swordfish garibit persisted through Roman times, but when fishermen realized that their artillery had no bearing on the swordfish's inclination to surface and investigate, it vanished.

It was a Roman, Pliny the Elder, who introduced the swordfish as a heliophant. In his 37-volume *Natural History*, a large part of which he cribbed from Aristotle, Pliny relates: "... that the *Xiphiar* or, in other words, the swordfish, has a sharp-

pointed muzzle, with which he is able to pierce the sides of a ship and send it to the bottom, instances of which have been seen near a place in Mauritania..." (Mauritania is now northern Morocco and western Algeria.)

Pliny notwithstanding, the Romans commonly referred to the swordfish as *gladius*, the Latin word for sword, and the swordfish is formally and redundantly known today as *Xiphiar gladius*.

After Pliny, interest in the swordfish waned. Aelian (120 A.D.) observed that the swordfish fed by flailing about among lesser fish with "its sword-shaped caudum," and Oppian (172-210 A.D.) reported that swordfish could be taken commercially with both hook and harpoon.

But, as man tentatively poked further and further into the world, literature of all description became thick with wide-eyed accounts of swordfish forays against ships—and even against whales.

Before his Christian navy sank 290 galleys and 28,000 Turks in the Battle of Lepanto on October 7, 1571,

Don John of Austria stopped at Messina long enough to harpoon six swordfish, one of which, an early combat correspondent reported, was "not very much resigned to die, and it launched itself against his boat and pierced it from side to side."

As is often the case, the swordfish broke off his bill trying to free himself. Don John pried it out and sent it to his father.

Edmund Spenser, no less, presents a tilt between swordfish and whale in *Visions of the World's Vanitie*, published in 1595. In *Two Voyages to New England*, John Josselyn logs the first offensive against a ship by an American broadbill. Columbus met one before that; he brought back a swordfish bill from his first voyage and left it at a church in Siena, Italy, where it was found hanging over the entrance in 1839 by N. D. Wilkins of the *Detroit Free Press*.

One account particularly well illustrates the raw power generated by an out-of-sorts swordfish.

When the whaling ship *Fortune*, out of Plymouth, Mass., made port

continued

SWORDFISH continued

with a cargo of oil from the Pacific in 1823 or 1827, the stump of a broadbill's sword was found protruding from her hull. It had penetrated the hull's copper sheathing, one inch of board sheathing, a three-inch hardwood plank, 12 inches of solid white-oak ship's timber, two and a half inches of oak ceiling and a cask of oil, which it plugged as effectively as a bung.

Harlan Major, a mathematically inclined observer of fish, maintains that a 500-pound swordfish must travel 57 mph to jam his bill through 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches of wood.

Such stories are legion throughout the 19th century, and if they have dipped slightly in volume since, it is only because even the stalwart swordfish must find it hard to make a dent in steel hulls. But, where wooden ships are still afloat, the swordfish still occasionally is lethal, as the writer can testify from an attack in which a 350-pound harpooned broadbill stove a 12-foot Banks dory occupied by him and a commercial fisherman one day off Martha's Vineyard four summers ago.

A swordfish's struggle for survival doesn't start when he feels the bite of hook or the harpoon. It starts, in a strict sense, before he is born, and it lasts all his life.

The swordfish emerged as a fish some 60 million years ago during the Eocene period. Today he lives in a belt of temperate water which bands the earth and which is so broad that in our part of the world it covers the zone between Nova Scotia and Chile. Within the band there are several swordfish communities, and biologists doubt that they mingle, although swordfish do make long seasonal journeys, or migrations, within their salt-water homelands.

The spawning grounds of swordfish are, for the most part, a well-kept swordfish secret. Only two are known,

the Strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italy, and the north coast of Cuba. Men and women of science, however, have traveled far and worked hard to know the swordfish better. There are gaps and riddles, but the biography of a young swordfish can be shaped.

During late spring or early summer, a female swordfish swims close into shore where the water is green and warm and rich with life. She spawns her eggs, some here, some there, and the male who follows her fertilizes each deposit with his milt. When the creative ritual is done and the urge quieted, they swim away. The eggs, each no larger than the head of a pin, become bits of floatmen shifted at will by wind and tide. Countless thousands are destroyed, countless thousands eaten. Some survive for two and a half days and hatch into larval swordfish less than an eighth of an inch long. The toll is always heavy, but some of these, too, will survive and reach maturity.

METAMORPHOSIS OF AN UGLY CHILD

The tiny broadbill is an ugly child of the sea. He is skinny. His skin is blotchy and covered with spoked, glassy scales. His dorsal fin flaps down his back like a ribbon. Instead of a fine sword he has a long beak which bristles with teeth. But he is voracious and strong and grows fast. How fast, no one really knows. But, as he approaches four feet, he begins to change. By the time he reaches six feet his metamorphosis is complete. The scales are gone and his skin is blue-black, washed with silver and bronze. His dorsal has grown high and staunch. The long lower jaw has receded. The upper jaw has lost its teeth and sprouted outward, strong and flat, into the sword as unlike the stubby, round bills of the snailfish and the marlin.

Now, too, his body is a near-perfect example of utilitarian streamlining. His deeply forked tail delivers the

power for tremendous speed. He is, perhaps, the fastest of all fish.

Internally, the young swordfish is equally well designed. His backbone is short-coupled and strong. His sword and skull are a fitted unit, and the porous, oil-filled ethmoid bone in the forepart of the skull acts as a natural shock absorber during swordplay. He can withstand the pressures of great depths. His large, blue eyes can gather in the faintest rays of light and let him see. He is, in short, remarkable and formidable. It is hardly surprising that for some time the angler's acquisitive eye remained judiciously fixed on less overwhelming game.

It was not until 1913, in fact, that the swordfish fell victim to a sporting angler and thus formally entered the ranks of the world's great game fish. And the man who caught him, William C. Boschen, even today is a legendary figure as mysterious as the swordfish himself. He wrote nothing, and little is known of him. Yet that little insures his place in swordfish history.

Boschen was tall, and blind in the left eye, and his captain, George Farnsworth, said, "He was the strongest man I ever knew." Fishing, to Boschen, was a way of life. He invented the star drag, which revolutionized the sport of big-game angling largely because it eliminated the thumb as the primary braking mechanism on the reel speed. And, on August 23, 1913 off Catalina, Boschen took the world's first broadbill on rod and reel. It weighed 353 pounds. He had fought it for an hour and a half with nothing but a rod belt, and his line tested only 42 pounds.

It was said that when the fish was hoisted to the deck at Avalon it came to life, broke the rope, smashed the weighing standards and swept the end of the dock clean.

William C. Boschen died in 1919. He left his boat and a large sum of money to George Farnsworth and asked that his ashes be scattered off

IN A BARE FISH SEQUENCE A SWORDFISH FINE OUT . . . SEES THE BAIT AND FISHES IT IN AN EXPLOSION OF SPEED . . .



Santa Catalina Island, where he had caught 11 swordfish.

But Beecher also left the legacy of an exacting sport. In the almost half century of big-game fishing since 1913, fewer than 750 broadbill have been taken by barely 300 men and women. Among them was Zane Grey, a man who personified the ultimate in obsessive concentration on the sport. Yet he took just six swordfish in a lifetime which ended in 1919. Once, for example, he spent 96 days off Catalina. He sighted 86 broadbill. He presented a bait to 75. He hooked and fought 12. He landed exactly one, of 418 pounds.

Zane Grey had hunted mountain lion, grizzly bear and jaguar. But he wrote in *Tales of Pleasantaholm Tides*: "It [swordfishing] takes more time, patience, endurance, study, skill, nerve and strength, not to mention money, of any game known to me through experience or reading."

Allowing generous leeway for self-justification and Grey's rewarding ability to turn a purple phrase, he was still close to the truth as it relates to swordfishing on rod and reel. Some anglers have always harpooned broadbill that are disinclined to take the bait, but there are those who consider this practice something less than sporting.

The largest swordfish ever taken on rod and reel, so far the only one of more than a thousand pounds, was caught by Louis Edward Marron (died July 30, 1956) off Iquique, Chile on May 7, 1933.

Lou Marron, chairman of the board of the Coastal Oil Company of New Jersey, was then 32 years old. He was, and is, ebullient the like to be called Uncle Lou, volatile and controversial. He is a fiercely competitive angler and a great one. Both he and his wife Eugenie hold many records (Mrs. Marron holds three world records with one 775-pound swordfish), and Marron himself has taken two swordfish in one day. It is some-

thing only 11 men and one woman (Mrs. S. Kip Farrington Jr. of East Hampton, N.Y.) have done.

The morning of May 7, 1933 was calm and hazy. At 8:45 the 24-foot sport-fishing boat *Flying Heart III* dropped Iquique's towering headlands astern and slipped across the brown-stained Humboldt Current. On board were the Marrons, Captain Edward Wall of Miami and two local hands, Mario and Gus.

BONITO FOR BAIT

The small boat slowed briefly and several three- and four-pound oceanic bonito were hand-lined, flapping, into the cockpit. Captain Wall gutted one and stretched two hooks the size of coat hooks into the cavity. This was a swordfish bait.

Fifteen miles west of Iquique, *Flying Heart III* cleared the Humboldt, rode across a narrow strip of whitish water and into the deep blue of the Pacific. She idled northward. A pair of frigate birds soared high overhead and the Marrons and their crew scanned a seemingly never-ending sea for swordfish fins. There is a strange fascination in searching for two fins in a vastness of water; if there is a mystique about swordfishing, this is its most infectious quality.

Captain Wall pointed out the fins at noon. Marron couldn't believe they belonged to a swordfish. The distance between tail and dorsal was so great, he said later, that the fins looked like two commercial fishermen in a boat. They were, nonetheless, swordfish fins.

Marron settled himself in the fighting chair, wrapped the canvas-covered foam-rubber harness around the small of his back and clipped it to his 12 0 Pin-Nor reel.

Captain Wall uplashed the bait over the side and quickly stripped 250 feet of 39-thread line (117-pound test) from the reel. He paid out 200 feet and then, holding the line in his fingers, let the remaining 50 feet float astern in a long loop.

Flying Heart III, with Mrs. Marron at the wheel, moved at a slow three knots so the wagging bonito would trail just under the surface of the water. A broadbill is apt to be chary of a bait skipping from an outigger.

When the bait was brought parallel to and about 50 feet from the broadbill, he saw it. His tail churned and a plume of water sprayed behind him as he rushed the bonito.

Marron sat rigidly in the chair. Captain Wall stood braced against the tautness holding the line. Everyone stared at the water. No one spoke.

The swordfish slapped the bait, jerking the line from Captain Wall's hands. Mrs. Marron threw the boat out of gear. The loop of line straightened in the water, and the bonito settled as if the swordfish had killed or maimed it. No more than five seconds had passed since the broadbill had first seen the bait.

The swordfish turned, picked up the bonito and swam slowly away with it. Marron free-spooled line. He would not attempt to set the hook until the fish ran long and hard, until he could be reasonably certain that the broadbill's snout had struck well in its mouth or had struck it, missed it and become foul-hooked. At times this can occur at the strike. At times it does not. The variations in swordfish behavior are infinite, the strain on the angler great.

After leisurely swimming with the bait for 100 feet the broadbill dropped it. Marron waited patiently for five minutes.

The swordfish hit solidly. Line stripped from the reel in a whispering blur as the spool accelerated. Marron pushed up the drag lever and threw himself back in the fighting chair to sink the hooks and take the weight of the fish. *Flying Heart III* leaped ahead in a short sprint to pull the belly out of the line.

The swordfish reared half out of water and sounded. The drag whined eerily and the heavy glass rod arched over the boat's stern. Far below the surface the fish slowed and slithered the cable leader with his tail. Marron, who weighs more than 200 pounds, was jolted forward off the seat of the chair.

Between the deep, plunging runs of the fish he recovered what line he could, leaning forward and back in the chair as an oceanic will is a shell. It was grueling, tedious, discouraging work. Time after time he gained a few yards and then lost them as the swordfish burrowed downward. The harness bit into his back. His right arm ached from reeling. He was soaked with perspiration, but he maintained constant pressure on the swordfish. At the same time, Captain Wall, now at the helm with a touch conditioned by years of experience, did his best to anticipate the broad-

continued

AND, FINALLY PROVED, HE BREACHED



SWORDFISH *continued*

bill's movements and keep Marmon in the most advantageous fighting position. Marmon steered the chair, pointing it straight down the line, which was so taut that it cracked whenever the fish took a few yards from the reel.

After an hour of give and take the broadbill tired. His runs grew shorter and Marmon found it easier to move him. The reel gradually filled. The double line appeared, then the leader. The fish rolled next to the boat, but only long enough to show that he was foul-hooked at the base of his dorsal fin. He averted before he could be gaffed.

It was a debilitating turn of events. Marmon knew that if he gave down on the fish a shade too strenuously he might well pull the hook. On the other hand, if he slackened pressure the virtually uninjured broadbill could rest and continue the fight indefinitely. The hook might work itself free. Tackle might fail. The swordfish might exhaust him. He had no choice but to gamble that the hook would hold.

During the next hour Marmon brought the fish to the boat 10 times and was unable to hold him there. He was extremely tired and exasperated and his back was raw. But the 11th time was the last because the fish had nothing more to give. Captain Wall took the leader and Marmon and Gus gaffed the broadbill. He was 14 feet 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. He measured more than a full fathom around and weighed 1,132 pounds. He hangs mounted in the Red and Reel Club on Hibiscus Island in Miami Beach, and nothing close to his marvellous size has been caught since.

A swordfish, large or small, has never been a commonplace and never will be. Modern tackle and technique solve neither his nature nor his numbers. One factor alone stands in the sportsman's favor and that is the incredible explosion of angling interest since World War II. Every year it sends more boats from more ports and can only lead to more swordfish caught and new grounds opened. Sportsmen in Portugal, for example, have learned that broadbill off Scaimta will take a bait drifting at 50 fathoms. A year ago I experimented by drifting at night in the Gulf Stream where it sweeps closely by Havana, Cuba and, though I had no strikes, I saw dozens of swordfish which had been taken

deep down on commercial long lines.

Undeniably, Chile and Peru are graced with the finest broadbill water in the world. Swordfish there are larger, more numerous and strike with greater abandon than those anywhere else. Alfred C. Glassell Jr. of Houston, Texas, 81, March 15, 1955, has caught 19 in South America and is second only to the great Michael Lerner, who took 23 from both Atlantic and Pacific before the Lerner Marine Laboratory at Bimini in the Bahamas came to occupy his full time.



FIRST SWORDFISH on red and reel was taken in 1913 by William Becheron (left).

At the moment, there are no sportsfishing boats for charter in Chile. The engines in the Chilean government's two boats are defunct and no funds seem to be forthcoming to replace them. The man who wants to swordfish in Chile must ship his own boat by steamer.

Cabo Blanco, Peru, 30 miles from Talara on an arid coastal bulge, is something else again. The Cabo Blanco Club (81, March 15, 1955) welcomes itinerant fishermen, has three able boats and can be reached overnight from New York and Miami by direct Pan American World Airways flights to Talara. It claims a 12-month swordfish season, and it most certainly has swordfish.

There are few places on the United States coastline where swordfish have

not at least been sighted. There is still a lot of swordfish off southern California, though competition is keen and the swordfish are even smaller than they normally are. But by far the most active broadbill water for sportsmen stretches northwesterly from Shinnecock Inlet, N.Y., to the tiny island of No Man's Land off Martha's Vineyard and beyond. Last summer from late June to October seven sportsmen took 20 or more broadbill there, and that number has already been surpassed this season as a most extraordinary concentration of swordfish has moved into the area, with fish striking even the most sloppily presented baits.

In the Long Island and Martha's Vineyard region there are fine charter-boat captains who know swordfishing. They charge from \$75 to \$100 a day and all furnish heavy tackle. Some can supply 24-thread and lighters. The man who spends five days or a week with one of them even less, considering this summer's run, should find broadbill. But he must never take his eyes from the water. He must never stop to dally with school tans or white marlin. And he should at least know what Angling Author S. Kip Farrington Jr. (12 swordfish) thinks of his chances:

"Ten to one the day is not right for the fish to surface; ten to one that if the day is right you won't see the fish; fifteen to one that if you see him he will not strike and may even sound before you can present a bait; three to one that if he does strike he will not pick up the bait; five to one that if he picks it up you won't hook him; and eight to one you will lose if you do hook him."

Mr. Farrington's distressing odds are a good rule of thumb, but they are, after all, nothing more than a mathematical estimation of the probable. They cannot take into account luck and, as every angler knows, luck can make a shambles of the longest odds. Take the case of Mr. Edward L. Gruber of Spring City, Pa. Off Shinnecock Inlet a little more than a fortnight ago Mr. Gruber caught two swordfish of 296 and 295 pounds in a single day, thus joining the select group who have scored doubles. Still, generosity and this season's historic run aside, he was indeed lucky. The swordfish and the odds being what they are, it can be said that in one day Mr. Gruber broke the four-minute mile and climbed Mount Everest.

END

BASEBALL: LAKER'S DAY

Sir:

I love *Explosive's* description of a typical day at the Coliseum (19th Hole, July 14) was very touching, but the all-too-familiar attack on East Coast fans caused me to conclude that it was about time that someone gave the West Coast fans an insight into what baseball was like before it became a business.

The last game I saw at Ebbets Field was in August 1958. The fans were hot and noisy, and the ball park was small and dirty, but when the game got under way, somehow it wasn't hot and smelly anymore, and the seats weren't hard as rocks, and the noise no longer bothered you. Nothing mattered but the game.

Ebbets Field is empty and quiet now, and old Brooklyn fans who used to go there are tight-lipped and bitter and make snide, nasty remarks to cover up the fact they feel. There is nothing left of baseball in New York but a great Yankee team playing in an inferior league. A Dodger fan would die of boredom watching the Yanks. For he is used to constant change and excitement. The Yanks don't have three men laid on third base at the same time, and Mickey Mantle hasn't chased a bitten out of center field.

Be patient with us, Irene, and tell Cal Hernandez to be patient. It isn't easy to forget those old Brooklyn Bums. And they are bums, you know, every single one of 'em, and we miss them very much.

BEVERLY MESSING

Westfield, N.J.

Sir:

My dad has told me that next year the Yankees would be given first place in the American League. And the other teams would play for second place. Could you tell me if this is true? I don't think it is, at least I hope it isn't, because my favorite team is the Boston Red Sox.

HARRISON SHARRY

Ocala, Fla.

■ Father knows best.—ED.

TENNISMAN'S PARADISE

Sir:

I have often wondered when your fine magazine would discover the Tennessee Valley as a paradise for sportsmen (SI, July 7). Virginia Kraft did a wonderful job writing about it.

I have fished in Elk River and adjoining streams for 15 years. Within five or 10 minutes from the lodge up or down stream, you can be in some of the finest bass fishing water anywhere. You can always catch a string of fish whether it be bass, crappie, bream, catfish or drum.

We think this is a fine area for sports and a good place to enjoy living. Thanks for writing such a fine article about it.

PAUL SANDRUS

Athens, Ala.

ORDERED FOR "FUTEBOL"

Sir:

Thank you for the terrific article in which your reporter, John Mallison, described the Brazilian victory over the Swedish team for the coveted World Soccer Cup (SI, July 7). I don't think I could have been happier if I had played on the victorious team myself.

RICHARD A. RANK
U.S. Marine Corps

San Francisco

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is deserving of heartiest congratulations for the article *The Swedes No One Could Match*, a splendid account of the sixth World's Football Championship games in Sweden during the month of June.

The article was admirably written so as to hold the interest of the regular football enthusiast and, at the same time, give the North American reader—little acquainted with soccer—an insight into the greatest sport spectacle on earth, the championship matches of the world's most popular game.

In the name of the Brazilians living in the United States, sincere thanks and once again, congratulations for your excellent reporting.

MARIO GIMENO VALENTE
Consul
Brazilian Embassy

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Soccer is the game we should be printing our youngsters to read in. The World Cup and the Olympic soccer tournament involve all countries, and we are at the bottom is this great international team game.

Many things are to be said about this great game of endurance, contact and unchallenged teamwork, but, most of all, we need it for international recognition. Right now we are not even in the grammar school class compared to the other 141 countries or so who call it the "world's game." Our "world championships" are pretty much of a joke to the rest of the world.

I look forward to the day that the Copa Del Mundo will be held in an American city.

BILLY KENDRICK

Pasadena, Calif.

ORDERED LA FEMME

Sir:

I was overcome by the beauty of that gorgeous blonde pictured in *Gems* on the *Swampy Shore* (SI, July 14).

Just out of curiosity (of course) I wondered if you could give me her age, name and address. Is it possible to get another picture of her?

TONY TUCKER

White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

One subject that seems to engage most universally is that of attractive females.

In your July 14 issue there appears a picture of a young French lady sunning herself at the Deligny pool in Paris. If it would be at all possible, I would like to have some background information concerning her (i.e., name, address). Also, another picture of her would be greatly appreciated.

WILLIAM N. STEEL
Engine, USNR

Franklin, Ga.

■ Here is another picture of the young lady. The name is Mills, Françoise Cassius. We regret to inform Messrs. Tucker, Steel and others that her address and telephone number are not available.—ED.



MR. TALBOTT'S TACTICS

Sir:

The *Human Science of Harold Doolittle* (SI, June 30) has been posted at our comic club for all to savor. Happily, a change has already been noticed in dispositions—handsome, of course—and who knows, before long we all might be basking it out at the net! Let there be more of Mr. Talbott's diplomatic tactics we can use.

SUSANNE MEDICALP

Syosset, N.Y.

Sir:

After the second attack to my weak backhand from Mr. Talbott followed by "Gee, sorry. Meant to hit it elsewhere," I would be across the net with my racket wrapped around Mr. Talbott's neck—Golden Rules or no.

KANA BARNETT TAYLOR

Yakima, Wash.

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Pat on the Back

W. G. Blauvelt



IRIS KIMBALL

'I'd like to win something big'

For Pittsburgh's Iris Kimball, time is something to be spent in one of two ways. In winter she teaches school to third-graders in New Rochelle, N.Y. In summer she goes to school at Baldie Hills Country Club in Irwin, Pa., and the subject she studies is golf. To her pupils she is a popular marm. To other women golfers, she is somebody to be reckoned with.

Iris took up golf when she was 16 (that was nine years ago), and within months was holding her own in the 80s. Last year she was runner-up in

the amateur division of the Ladies' PGA tournament in Pittsburgh, and this year she was fourth. She hopes her current six- to eight-hour daily workouts at Baldie Hills will serve her in good stead when she tees off in her first U.S. Women's Amateur in Darien, Conn. this August.

One of her coaches has credited Iris with professional ability. But she has no professional ambitions: "I'll keep on teaching," says Iris. "I love golf and I play to win. But I'll stick to the amateur game, thank you."



Bill Robinson, associate editor of Yachting, sips off Puerto, P. R. Photograph by Tom Rollyman.

**"I first tasted dry rum off the coast of Puerto Rico
and now all my friends at home are drinking it."**

"It looked like any other tall, cool drink but when I tasted my first Rum and Tonic, I knew I had made a remarkable discovery," says William W. Robinson of Rumson, N. J.

"It was tall and cool, all right. But it was dry and brilliant, too. A bright new taste.

"I told my friends in Rumson about rum—and it's taken the town by storm. Everyone seems to have his own idea about which rum

drink tastes better. Daiquiris. Rum punches. Rum Collins. Rum on the rocks.

"I stand by my first love—Rum and Tonic. But, frankly, I like them all."

Rum and Tonic Recipe: Vigor, white Puerto Rican Rum, ice, quinine water and a lime or lemon slice if desired. For additional free rum recipes, write: Rumors of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-2, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Rum and Tonic 





ANSCOCHROME



ANSCOCHROME

Taken on Super Anscochrome color film at f 8.2, 1/500 second

You couldn't get a picture so true-to-life except with an Anscochrome film

In bright sunlight or deep shadows—by candlelight or windowlight—you capture the *natural look of life* on Anscochrome® color film. They have the speed that stops action, too—even under conditions impossible for ordinary color films.

Regular Anscochrome—Film Speed 32—makes any camera fine for color. It's easy to use, and gives you beautiful color slides—plus, if you wish, lovely color prints.

Super Anscochrome—Film Speed 100—is the fastest color film ever created. It brings you—without time exposure, tripod, or extra lighting—low-light and high-speed shots no one has ever caught in color before.

Color slides from regular or Super Anscochrome will delight you with their depth and brilliance. And they cost less than half of what you'd pay for pictures from films that give you *only* color prints.

Color prints, too! You can have Printon® color prints made from Anscochrome or any color slides. Printon prints are plastic—no others compare in beauty, durability, economy. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y., A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.



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